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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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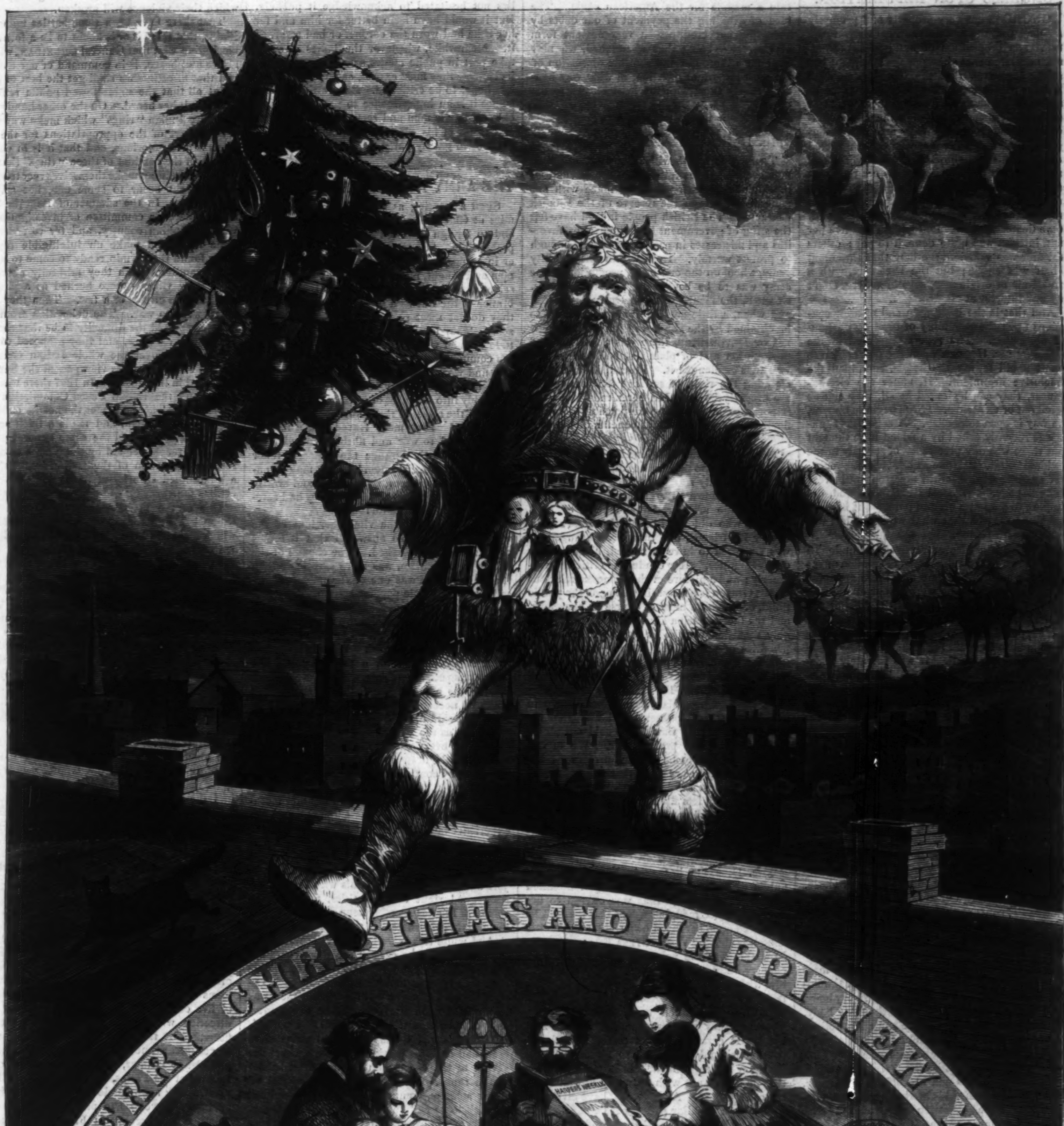
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.
HARPER'S WEEKLY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, January 2, 1869.

CONGRESS UPON REPUDIATION.

CONGRESS has very properly and promptly declared the public sentiment upon the President's proposition of national swindling. It has declared that although the President has gravely suggested that the Government shall steal, the people regard his suggestion as "odious," and that under no circumstances will their representatives consent to offer the public creditor as full compensation a less amount of money than that which the Government contracted to pay. This will show at once to every body interested that the President does not represent public sentiment to-day any more than he has during his term. Indeed, he reduces the whole subject to a ridiculous as well as dishonest point. Some doctors have been of opinion that five per cent. interest was quite enough to pay; others that four was sufficient; others that three and a half was ample; but the President, with a candid air of originality, says blandly, "Don't pay any interest at all."

And that is the legitimate end of all speculations upon the possibility of evading an honest obligation. The report presented in the House by Mr. Hooper upon the proposition to report a bill taxing the bonds, contained the conclusive argument. If, under the circumstances, they can be taxed at all, they can be taxed out of existence. If you begin to tamper, the way is open to abolish. A sagacious banker was recently asked by a friend if he thought that there was any preference of security in the national bonds. "None at all," was the reply; "if stealing begins it will not stop until every thing is gone." General Butler, indeed, did propose to stop at a certain point; but his reason seemed to be that what would be left was hardly worth taking.

The House of Representatives has undoubtedly expressed the enlightened conviction of the country; and we presume that there are some Republicans even who were rather amazed by the very decided expression of the popular will at the polls. It is not many months since there was supposed to be so wide-spread a disposition to repudiate in some form that no party could afford to disregard it. It was privately whispered that the feeling was rapidly becoming irresistible, and that the tendency must be recognized. It was this apparent intention of the wind to blow from the repudiating quarter that induced General Butler, who likes of all things to be in at the changing of the wind, to write his famous letter delicately insinuating the theory with which he is identified. Other conspicuous Republican politicians were equally misled. But when the Chicago Convention met, the Republican people in the country spoke, and they declared, in the most emphatic manner, that the spirit of the obligation was quite as sacred as the letter. Senator Hendricks suggests that such a phrase was a form of words to conceal knavery—that it meant any thing an orator chose. But if a Republican orator had ventured to say, during the canvass, that by the Chicago platform the bonds might be paid in paper instead of gold, he would have been very rapidly corrected by his audience.

The result shows how much wiser the mass of men are in politics, when they touch the domain of morals, than their leaders. Every body, said Talleyrand, knows more than any body. The House, controlled by the same Republican party, at its last session actually entertained a proposition of taxing the bonds—another form of the dishonesty which the President recommends. But it has now heard from the people. Antæus has touched his mother earth, and it declares the mere suggestion to be "odious." So it is, but no more so than it was last year.

The suspicion of the dishonest tendency of the public mind which deluded some Republican partisans of more eagerness or timidity than principle, took captive the Democratic Convention. Mr. Pendleton's views were substantially adopted by it, and for that very reason it was thought wiser to put forward as their representative a candidate not previously identified with repudiation, that the candidate might offset the platform. But that is a trick which seldom deceives. Yet the party tried its best with it. The staple of the Democratic speeches was negro supremacy and bloated bond-holders. The appeals were to jealousy, prejudice, and ignorance. Mr. Seymour, politically death-struck, set forth upon a solemn pilgrimage to incite sectional and class hostility. Financial questions are always supposed to be difficult, but then, also, every body always supposes himself to understand them. And fortunately, in this case, in whatever figures Mr. Seymour might indulge his imagination, the simple rule of good faith could not be obscured by them; and if his audience could not explain the error of his smooth misrepresentations, it could feel them. Since God, said Fisher Ames, has given me an intellect so fallible, I can not be enough grateful that he has added an instinct so sure.

It was this instinct which defeated the repudiating policy of the Democratic Convention; which has terribly shaken General Butler in the public confidence; which has restored moral sanity to other conspicuous gentlemen who did not venture quite so far as he; and which now receives, with mingled indignation and contempt, the proposal of the President to substitute a magpie for the American eagle. The idea of avoiding the payment of our debts by swindling our creditors—a very ancient form of knavery—being thus abandoned, we may hope for a thorough and sensible discussion of the most important question, in what way honestly to pay them with the least burden to the country.

Mr. DISRAELI AND A CORONET.

The freedom with which the wives of public men are sometimes introduced into discussions in England is curiously at variance with our general estimate of the reserve of the English character. The British people indeed have felt the sting of government by influence, by favorites and mistresses in past times acutely enough to protest warmly. Even within forty or fifty years, when, on the one hand, promotion in the army was to be bought by propitiating Mrs. Clarke, the mistress of the Duke of York, and when, a little earlier, Whig votes were to be obtained by the condescension of the Duchess of Devonshire, there was a fair right of protestation and of plain discussion of women who thus challenged it. Indeed, in his speech claiming the right of suffrage for women who are property-holders, Mr. Mill mentioned the importance of attaching responsibility to influence as one of the chief benefits of the proposed change.

The late election in England has again brought certain ladies into the arena of discussion. Thus it is very plainly stated that Mr. Milner Gibson, a well-known Liberal, lost his election because of the aristocratic tendencies of Mrs. Gibson, who did not like her husband's politics or his friends, and therefore estranged, or was supposed to have estranged, him from his old sympathies. Her conduct is criticised vigorously; and a picture of the domestic relations of Mr. Gibson is necessarily left upon the public mind, of which he must of course be conscious, and the fact of such a kind of exposure is probably regarded by him as one of the sharpest penalties of public life. Again—and in illustration of the same publicity as a reward of public distinction—at a banquet in Edinburgh last year, when Mr. Disraeli was Prime Minister, the health of his wife was proposed, and Mr. Disraeli complimented that lady to the company, and said that they could not please him more than by praising her. We in this country are said to be rather unreserved; but we have hardly yet reached that point. At our dinners we toast the ladies in general, and the orator in reply lets fly his rhetorical pyrotechnics for the whole sex. But in all our public banquets of honor to an individual we do not now recall that his wife was especially mentioned.

Mrs. Disraeli has again been drawn into public discussion, and not now with unmixed praise. The peerage that was offered to her husband he declined, but asked that it might be conferred upon her in her own right, and the title chosen is that of Viscountess Beaconsfield. Now this was the name of Edmund Burke's country retreat, and a peerage was offered to him with the same title which he declined. The facts are certainly suggestive, but they do not authorize any attack upon Mrs. Disraeli, whatever they may provoke against her husband. It certainly is not remarkable that a peerage should be offered so clever a Minister upon his retirement. It is not surprising that he should not wish to tumble up stairs into the other House. And it would have given Mr. Disraeli a peculiar prestige if he had humbly thanked his Gracious Mistress, and begged to continue to bear the name which he had distinguished. But it is, after all, an apparent attempt to eat the cake and have it, when he proposes that he will remain with his distinguished name in the place where he can distinguish it still further, while his wife shall have the name, the honor, and the estates of a Viscountess. The Queen could not very well refuse. She gives her Minister a coronet, and if he chooses to put it on the head of his wife nobody need be deceived. Mr. Disraeli accepts the coronet. He is not like Sir Robert Peel, who declined it; and Mrs. Canning was ennobled after her husband's death.

But for all that Viscountess Beaconsfield is in no sense a public personage, and ought not to be so treated. The sarcasm, however, may fairly fall upon her husband. He has no son to inherit the title, and it would half extinguish Mr. Disraeli himself. There is, therefore, no especial merit in refusing it for himself; for he is no longer young, and he would always be more honored as Disraeli than as a new lord. There is, moreover, a certain propriety in accepting or declining, but to do both is merely amusing. Besides, it is a question whether a retiring Minister ought to take what is meant as a personal honor, in which his wife is included, merely because she is his wife, and devote it to a purpose for which it was not intended.

However it be, the English papers are discussing the point with animation and even acrimony. *Punch* compliments the new peeress, and undoubtedly there is a strong feeling that the husband of the Viscountess has done a very graceful act. His regard for her is known; he has not hesitated to acknowledge it publicly. But it would have been better for him and for her if he had worn the coronet or had returned it. Meanwhile, whenever the ladies come to take part in public affairs, as responsible political agents they must expect, as they will doubtless hope, to be criticised. But until that time comes it is an impertinence to pass the threshold of a public man and serve up the character and tastes of his wife for the public entertainment or to gratify party feeling.

THE ARMY REUNION AT CHICAGO.

Such a meeting as that of the Western armies at Chicago is a most significant incident, and to foreign eyes must seem almost incomprehensible. Soldiers who have fought together in as perilous campaigns, and as bravely as men ever fought, meet quietly to organize themselves into a fraternity to cherish the remembrance of the war as a security of peace. But they do not meet so much as soldiers as citizens. They are representatives of that multitude of men who gathered from every part of the country during four years, who saved a nation and with it the promise of progressive liberty, and then quietly melted away indistinguishably into the mass of citizens. How many doubted the result of this enormous military organization! How many feared that a million of men, used to war and flushed with victory, would necessarily derange the peaceful tenor of the old national system! How many wondered whether citizens, so suddenly and swiftly changed into soldiers, could as swiftly and safely be changed back again!

This was one of the vital questions of the war. But it was so answered that it seems never to have been asked. The change of the soldier to the citizen was more surprising than the other, and it was one of the noblest vindications of the whole popular system. The military spirit, in any dangerous sense, disappeared, and, indeed, none seemed more anxious for the return of civil rule than the professional soldiers. And so it has continued. What the Democrats, sorely pressed for a party cry, call the military depotism and satrapies of the Southern States, was a police which their own conduct rendered necessary. As Senator Warner, of Alabama, said a few days since in the Senate, "As soon as the Democratic party would agree to allow to every citizen the freedom of speech and action the necessity of troops would cease." The military control of the late rebel States was in no sense the result of a growth of the military spirit and of a preference for military methods in the country. It was adopted only after experience had shown it to be as much a necessity in certain places as during the war; while in the loyal States, where we are daily dealing in every relation of life with captains and majors and colonels and generals who have a terribly good right to their titles, the ordinary course of life has scarcely been disturbed by an abnormal lawlessness.

And while this is true of the Volunteer, how striking it is in the case of the most conspicuous professional soldiers! So free from the ordinary dangerous ambition had been their career, that when an army of a million men was triumphant upon the field, under the leadership of Generals whom it loved and trusted, it did not occur to any man that those Generals had any less patriotic and impersonal devotion to the cause than the obscurest soldier in the ranks. Grant, the most renowned of living soldiers, commanding a victorious host, was felt to be as free of any individual hope or aim inconsistent with the general welfare as when he was a tanner in Galena. And what he was his companions were—Sherman, and Thomas, and Sheridan, with all the rest. How well said Sherman, as he addressed the army at Chicago, and how true it is of the professional soldier as of his volunteer comrade: "Shall I not then claim for you who represent this ideal volunteer the highest honor that can be conceded to mortal?"

The more thronged and the more enthusiastic such army reunions are, the stronger will be the guarantee of equal liberty and peace in this country. They assemble an army without uniform, without expense, and without danger to any interest or right that any good citizen cherishes.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The Indian question is evidently a very difficult question. It is also a very uninteresting one, and few care to understand it. No genius has ever yet succeeded in throwing a halo around the actual red man, and the figures that do duty for him in romance and poetry are as near life as the stage sailor or Yankee, and no nearer. The popular theory of the Indians is that they are vermin, and that the only policy to be seriously advocated is extermination. Yet a very little knowledge of the facts will show that they are peculiarly exposed to cruel oppression and extortion of every kind. Their very forlornness invites knavery, and as, when pushed to extremity, they are sure to take some sudden and terrible revenge, their enemy persecutes them with impunity, counting upon his own escape under cover of the feeling of horror which their violence will awaken.

That there have been some battles upon the Plains, that there is or is about to be a formidable Indian war, that General Sheridan, who is active and brave, is in command of our troops, and that of course we shall get the best of it, is about all that the uninterested public remembers that it has heard. On the other hand, that there are Indian "rings" which make way with a large part of the appropriations for the Indians is also notorious, and that it is in consequence of the conduct of these "rings" that the vermin sometimes make themselves very troublesome, might occur to some one, but seldom happens to. In the summer of 1865 the Senate appointed a committee of investigation to visit the Indian country, and try to ascertain some facts, and make an intelligible report. They found the vermin ready to come to a fair understanding, which they faithfully observed until their villages were burned as a punishment for the crimes of a few. Then they naturally went to war. The delegation from the Senate reported the difficulty to be that the Indian was an outlaw, and they proposed to extend the law over the whole Indian country. An act embodying this view passed the Senate, but failed in the House. In 1867 there was war again, and the Indian Peace Commission was appointed. This body met the hostile Indians, conferred with them, and made a fresh settlement. It then urged the same general policy with that recommended by the Senate committee, the protection of the Indian by laws, and a guaranteed security of trying his chance at civilization.

One of the members of this Commission, Colonel S. F. Tappan, has written a letter in which he states his view of the whole subject. He says, decidedly, that the Indians will keep the peace if they can, and are never the first to violate treaties. He makes no excuse for their atrocities in war, but he says that they are no worse than those practiced upon them. They are the victims of incessant and wanton attacks, and the warriors see their wives and children massacred and their villages destroyed. A great mass of evidence has been accumulated by the Congressional Committee and by the Peace Commission, which shows that in every instance of the recent outbreaks the fault was with the whites and not with the Indians. Peace can be preserved so long as good faith is maintained. Colonel Tappan recommends the abandonment of the war policy—the disbanding of the volunteers, who slay every Indian, and whose only policy is extermination, and the gathering of all the Indians into five great reservations under civil control, with the army as an auxiliary police. Wherever the Peace Commission has kept its word the Indians have kept theirs, and there are now a hundred thousand of the Sioux, Crow, and other tribes peacefully carrying out the plans of the Commission.

Colonel Wynkoop, who has seen much service among the Indians, and who resigns his commission "rather than be the instrument of the murder of innocent women and children," also throws light upon the subject. He was ordered to Fort Cobb to collect there the Indians of his agency. After leaving, he learned of five columns of troops moving in the same direction, which will be controlled by their officers. But there are also in the field, under Government sanction, volunteer troops and Ute and Osage Indians, the deadly enemies of the Indians of the Plains, who will murder all they meet, which will include the Indians of his own agency. Powerless to prevent it, he resigns. There is the account of Father De Smet, an old missionary among the Indians of the West, and he tells the same story of their docility, and has no doubt of their rapid progress in civilization, if they are treated fairly.

While it must be conceded, however, that the Indians have shown no great aptitude for civilization, the testimony, public and private, confirms these statements that they are the wronged party and the victims in their relations with the whites. The question is very difficult. Bishop **Whipple**, *of* Minnesota, who speaks with the authority of much experience, thinks that there should be a special Department for the Indians with agents appointed for life, with ample salaries and subject to the severest discipline. The Bishop does not favor placing the Indian Bureau in the War Department, fearing the effect upon the Indians of placing the agencies at military posts. One chief difficulty is that of finding the right kind of men for agents, and the reasons are obvious. But let us hope, now that the subject is before the Senate, that it will not be dismissed without the most ample investigation.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE.

Christmas Week began with April softness, and if we could only trust the flattering tales that are always told by Hope upon Christmas-eve, we might expect the pleasantest of winters and of years. But if Jack Frost is, with all affectionate children, large and small, "Home for the Holidays," he will return by Twelfth Night, and the "Christmas Belles" shall yet skim the moonlit snow to the dance and the yellow glass of mulled wine. No April-eyed December can deceive old Santa Claus. He will step over the house-tops as nimbly as ever, and—cheer up, dear parents!—there shall be no lack of drums, trumpets, rattles, whistles, guns, and cannon, to promote the tranquillity of the nursery. Blow, blow, thou winter wind! But whatever the weather may do, we shall try to keep the old sun shining in our columns, and to keep up with the time o' day.

The new era upon which the country is entering, the vast and novel industries which assured peace must develop, the rapid extension of enterprise into remote and romantic regions of our own and of other countries, promise opportunity and material enough for the busiest pen and pencil. By the law of our paper the world is our oyster, to be opened as we best can for the pleasure and profit of our readers. And to all of them, old and new, with renewed pledges of industry and care—if they were needed—and with the various sweet and sad memories of the years that are gone, we enter upon eighteen hundred and sixty-nine with the heartiest wishes for a Happy New Year!

THE BOSTON, HARTFORD, AND ERIE RAILROAD.

The efforts of Boston to reach the Western trade have been as active as her natural advantages will allow; but as her principal route, by way of Worcester and Springfield to Albany, encounters a high elevation in the mountain range in Berkshire, the descent of which going East is rendered sometimes difficult in winter owing to steep grades, other lines have been proposed to overcome this objection. The engineering difficulties encountered in that descent have been managed with the highest skill. The mountain stream, in company with which the railroad seeks the plain, is crossed twenty-seven times over bridges of masonry, many of whose arches are sixty feet high. In the summer, when no sense of danger attends the descent, the traveler, who watches from the rear of the train the course of the river as it rushes down its rocky bed, expanding as it descends, and notices the high and durable arches over which the train has just moved at rapid speed, is amazed at the boldness which, in the infancy of engineering knowledge, projected a work so difficult. The scenery is remarkably picturesque, and contributes to the sensations of pride and wonder which the work occasions. It will stand as an enduring monument to the sagacity, the energy, and the courage of Massachusetts. The coveted prize, the trade of the great West with its treasures far beyond those of India, calls into exercise this display of skill and power. Long may that system of policy endure, which opens to every part of the Union the opportunity to carry great enterprises through other portions of it, to reap the advantages which are diffused broadly and liberally over our country! The states of Europe can not offer such facilities. The forces which we employ in developing our whole industry as a unit they employ—1,200,000 in France, 1,000,000 in Prussia, 1,000,000 in Russia, 800,000 in Austria, 500,000 in Italy—in standing armies to secure isolation and prevent united influence and action.

If the unneighborly and unfriendly system of European states were adopted here the construction of a Boston road through the Hoosac Tunnel to tap our improvements on the north, and the construction of another line to tap the Erie road at Newburgh, would be impossible. These enterprises are not only not regarded with jealousy—they scarcely attract attention, except in the quarters specially interested in the results which are expected to flow from them. The Hoosac Tunnel enterprise now waits for the closing of a contract authorized by Massachusetts to embrace the entire work, the question being undecided whether the security demanded by the State from bidders shall be required or waived. The Boston, Hartford, and Erie line calls for a more particular notice, as the short distance remaining unfinished is now being worked, and will exercise, when finished, a powerful influence upon the industry of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts.

It will be recollected that the Erie Railroad during the preceding summer took five millions of dollars of the bonds of this Company—a questionable proceeding—which were purchased at eighty. They were called the Berdell mortgage bonds. The object of this purchase was to secure the aid of Massachusetts, which, in 1867, had authorized a loan of its credit to this enterprise to the extent of three millions of dollars, on certain conditions, which otherwise could not have been complied with. The act called for the appointment of three commissioners, one of whom shall be an engineer, to ascertain the amount of the work and inform the Governor and Council of its exact condition. It was provided that no portion of the State credit should be issued by the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, unless it was made to appear that the Company would be able, either alone or with the aid of other parties, to complete the line of railway from Boston to Fishkill; and if, at any time after any portion of State aid had been advanced, it should appear that such road would not be completed in five years, no further aid was to be given.

On the 14th of October last the Governor and Council of Massachusetts, on a report of the Commissioners, decided that, in all human probability, the means had been provided to complete the road to Fishkill, and ordered that the first installment of one hundred thousand dollars of the scrip of the Commonwealth should be issued expressed in the currency of Great Britain; upon the issuing of which, contracts for the most difficult portion of the line were immediately made.

The unfinished portion of the line extends from Waterbury in Connecticut to Fishkill on the Hudson, immediately opposite to the termination of the Erie Railroad at Newburgh. From Waterbury to our State line, about 86 miles, its course is westerly, generally at right angles to the streams and valleys in Connecticut. It commences at Waterbury, where the road in running order now terminates, at an elevation of 153 feet above tide, reaches in about eight miles the ridge at Towanbie, elevated 646 feet; descends ten miles to the valley of the Housatonic, 142 feet above tide; ascends to Tunnel Hill, distant four miles (near Hawleyville), which it pierces with a tunnel 300 feet long and 368 feet above tide; passes on a very good grade to Danbury, eight miles, which is 389 feet above tide, and thence five miles to the dividing line between New York and Connecticut, which it crosses at an elevation of 465 feet. Its course thence to Fishkill is through an opening cut by one of the affluents of the Croton to near Brewster's Station, with which station it will connect on the Harlem Railroad, thence northerly, parallel with that road, to Towner's Station, near which point it diverges toward the Fishkill Mountains, which it crosses near Whaley's Pond at an elevation of 746 feet above tide, constituting the summit. Descending the mountain, it runs near Fishkill Creek, and uses the Dutchess, Columbia, and Fishkill Railroad, which, having been purchased, is to be delivered over finished, with its rolling stock, at an early period.

A very large portion of the line described is now being vigorously worked, but as the tunnel and severe cuts will require nearly two years, it is not expected that the whole will be in running order before December, 1870. There is a very strong probability that it will be finished and in operation by that time, as over four hundred miles of road now completed as well as the value of those bonds depend upon it. This road, between Putnam and Willimantic in Connecticut, is being straightened in order to furnish between Boston and New York, by way of the Harlem Railroad, what is claimed will be a shorter line of travel than by any other route. This road connects also with Providence, Rhode Island, and other important points.

The main object of this route to the Hudson is to obtain coal by way of the Erie Railroad for the numerous manufacturing establishments in the three States immediately benefited, and also to diffuse it over the whole Eastern States by means of the various lines going north and south which it traverses. The coal-fields of Pennsylvania lie due west of Newburgh, and may be reached, it is supposed, with more ease in this way than by the lines now existing. In aid of water-power coal has come to be a necessity to mills in the interior, so that during the droughts of summer their industry may not be delayed. That this road will be a feeder to the Erie, and will receive a great variety of Western products from the Erie, is certain. Another route has been devised from New Haven by way of Derby, the Titicus Valley, Purdy's Station on the Harlem Road, the High Bridge over the Hudson near Peekskill, to connect with the Erie near Towner's; but this enterprise west of Derby has not been commenced, although the bridge intended for general use has been located to cross the Hudson at Anthony's Nose, above Peekskill.

New York can console itself, as it views these evidences of energy and power in our Eastern States, by the knowledge that very little of the trade which is intended for foreign parts can be diverted from us, inasmuch as at the Hudson the effort at competition will encounter the facility of tide-water to float products cheaply to their place of destination.

The line ought to have been constructed by the States most interested, without calling upon the Erie Railroad to advance its funds to the extent of two millions, and its acceptances to the extent of $1,570,400, for such an object. The Erie also agreed, in consideration of the right to use the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Road for some purposes of distribution, to pay for a limited time the interest on the $4,000,000 of bonds. The branch to Newburgh not being profitable, these operations were undertaken in order, it is said, to give it additional employment, and thus benefit its through line: a very insufficient reason.

The avails of this arrangement, and the $3,000,000 to be advanced by Massachusetts, including the $100,000 advanced in October, constitute, with unused bonds and stock of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie, the means for completing this line, which is regarded with great interest by a large population. The interior portions of Putnam, Dutchess, Columbia, and northern Westchester expect to derive important advantages from this connection with the Erie Railroad, as it will enable their inhabitants to obtain coal, grain, cattle, and many Western productions free of the great expense which now attends their transportation, and will stimulate largely their manufacturing and other industry.

THE INDIANA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

The hanging of prisoners by a Vigilance Committee in Indiana, and the deliberate determination with which it was done, is one of the most startling and significant of recent events. Last May a railroad express car was robbed and the messenger horribly beaten. Some of the robbers were taken, some escaped to Canada, and some disappeared altogether. Those who fled to Canada were returned under the extradition treaty and confined with their comrades in October. Meanwhile those who escaped altogether organized a fresh robbery of the same kind, were betrayed, entrapped, and after a sharp struggle arrested and lodged in jail. They were subsequently placed upon a train to be carried to the county seat. The train stopped when a signal of distress was made upon the road-side. The signal proved to be the device of a Vigilance Committee, which seized the prisoners. Knowing their doom the men confessed, and when they had done so, were hung by the Committee, which then issued an address of warning to all thieves, threatening, in case of retaliation, to hang every thieving character it could lay its hands upon. The Committee pursued three of the gang who had escaped, and finding them, hung them also.

This was in July, and it was on the 23d of October that the prisoners were surrendered from Canada. In November they were brought to the jail at New Albany, Indiana, and it was supposed they would be left in peace until their trial. But some days since, at 3 o'clock in the morning, a body of seventy men masked and armed arrived in the town by the railroad, proceeded to the jail, and summoned the sheriff to surrender the keys. He refused, and after some struggle was shot and wounded. Finding the keys the masked men opened the jail doors, until they came upon one door which they could not open, and the patrol. He made show of fight, but they showed him a rope and told him that if he resisted he should be hanged. Overpowered, he opened the door and the masked men entered the cells, and seizing the prisoners instantly hanged them from the railing of an upper corridor. Then locking the door and taking the key the masked men returned without disorder to the station where a train awaited them, and stepping in they departed, having hung since the robbery ten men in all.

The Canadian papers say very properly that if prisoners charged with crime but not convicted are liable to be slaughtered when surrendered under the extradition treaty, it is high time to consider whether the evils of the treaty do outweigh its advantages. But while that is true from their point of view, the existence of such a Vigilance Committee indicates a fatal distrust of the ordinary processes of justice. And it is now stated that this distrust was not ill-founded, and that there was no reason to suppose that the robbers would be properly punished by the law. The courts of law are the last peaceful remedy, but when they are more than suspected, the remedy inevitably ceases to be peaceful. When the courts fall into public contempt, the condition of order is that no great crime taxes the public patience. San Francisco taught all cities that lesson. It is the bitter reproach of the people of Indiana that such terrible deeds should even seem to have a palliation. Meanwhile, if the United States Government receives accused prisoners from the British Government for trial, it is bound to see that they are tried, not murdered before trial. But it is the duty of Indiana so to do justice that there shall be no wish to deprive the law of its prerogative.

LITERARY.

Professor **John M. Leavitt**, in the poetical tragedies of *Afranius* and *The Idumean*, has endeavored to do for the ancient life of Rome and Judea what **Longfellow** essayed for the days of Puritanism in his "New England Tragedies." Without possessing the subtle and often exquisite imagination of **Longfellow**, he seems to us to possess a truer appreciation of character, and to afford a better portraiture of the age into which he endeavors to conduct his readers. The second tragedy is perhaps a little too tragic, and the historic accuracy of the characters of Aristobulus and Antipater could probably neither be verified nor disproved. But there are few scenes in history more terrible than those which characterize the close of the reign of **Herod the Great**; and to be true to life the tragedy of that era must be terrible. The history of these ages of the past is, for the most part, like a portrait of an Old Master—the features dimmed by the incrustations of time. Professor **Leavitt** has succeeded in removing these, and in presenting in the language of imagination as real, the life which, in its ordinary historic forms, seems like fiction.

"HARPER'S BAZAR."

The number of this journal of fashion for the present week contains a magnificent Colored Fashion Plate, prepared expressly for it by the *Mode Illustrée* of Paris, which surpasses any work of the kind ever published in this country. A New-Year's gift in the form of this useful and beautiful chronicle of the modes, with its carefully detailed directions for enabling every body to keep pace with their changes, is a remembrance which renews itself every week, and is worth a thought at this happy season.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 14:

In the Senate, a communication was presented from the Governor of Oregon, inclosing resolutions from the Legislature of that State, rescinding its ratification of the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment.—Mr. Morton introduced a bill providing for the redemption, in coin, of United States notes and fractional currency in 1871. The bill also requires National Banks to redeem their notes in specie in 1872.

In the House, a resolution was adopted instructing the Reconstruction Committee to investigate the Ku-Klux outrages in Tennessee.—The President's financial propositions looking toward repudiation were denounced with only six dissentient voices.

December 15:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson's bill to repeal the bill for prohibiting the organization of militia in the States lately in rebellion was passed.

December 16:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of immediate legislation to prevent the discharge of convicts in Virginia, under the recent extraordinary decision of United States Judges. Mr Williams, who offered the resolution, referred to the recent decision of Judge Underwood, whereby a woman sentenced to death was discharged from custody because one of the magistrates before whom she was tried was disqualified from holding office by the Fourteenth Amendment.

In the House, a bill reported from the Reconstruction Committee was passed, relieving from political disabilities certain citizens of the Southern States who have recently been elected to office.—A House bill repealing the act prohibiting the organization of militia in the reconstructed Southern States. The Democratic members desired all the Southern States to be included in the bill; but the bill was passed as reported from the Reconstruction Committee.—A resolution was adopted providing that women employed by the Government shall hereafter receive the same rate of compensation as men who perform similar service.

December 17:

In the Senate, a bill was passed relieving from political disabilities certain citizens of South Carolina.—The House resolution was passed, disapproving of the financial recommendations of the President's Message.

In the House, eulogies upon the late Thaddeus Stevens were pronounced by Messrs. Kelley, Wood, Broomall, Whittemore, Covode, and others.

December 18:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of the Interior to communicate any information in his possession regarding the hostile or peaceful character of the Indians recently killed or captured by General Custer in his fight with them on the Washita.—Mr. Sumner's resolution, expressing sympathy with Spain, was, after some objection, passed, by a vote of 41 yeas to 5 nays.—The House resolutions announcing the death of Thaddeus Stevens were received, and eulogies were pronounced by Messrs. Cameron, Buckalew, Morrill, and Sumner, after which the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the credentials of G. W. Menard, colored, from Louisiana, were referred to the Committee on Elections.—The Senate bill removing disabilities from certain South Carolina citizens was passed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The insurrection in Spain seems to be at an end. The rebels at Cadiz have surrendered their arms to the government authorities. About 500 persons were killed and wounded in the late struggle in that city.

The Government of Cuba has determined upon a combined movement against the rebels, in which the freshly-arrived reinforcements from Spain are to participate. The force to be employed is formidable, and, it is believed, will effectually put an end to the insurrection.

Heavy shocks of earthquake were felt at Gibraltar on December 18.

The King of Greece has refused to comply with [illegible] demand of the Turkish Sultan, and both countries [illegible] already engaged in hostilities. It is hoped that [illegible] combined action of the Great Powers will shorten the struggle and circumscribe its consequences. The latest advices indicate that beyond the encounter which has already taken place in the Bay of Syra there may be no farther progress of hostilities.

Several changes have been made in the French Cabinet, owing, it is said, to the unpopularity of the press prosecutions.

The British Parliament assembled on the 15th of December in joint session, and listened to the reading of a very brief speech from the throne.

Some English missionaries who recently made a tour through the interior of China report the discovery of gold, silver, lead, coal, and iron. They also found Catholic priests in every town, and Chinese converts to that faith "by hundreds of thousands."

Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly.

Number 696 completed the Twelfth Volume of *Harper's Weekly*. This has been a volume unusually replete with interest. The illustrations, both in number and variety, have surpassed those of any illustrated periodical. They have covered every important event, Domestic or Foreign, of the year's history. Every number of the *Weekly* is electrotyped, and the twelve volumes now completed may be obtained at $7 00 per volume. The contents of these volumes comprise, besides illustrations of all interesting current events and portraits of prominent personages, an amount of general literature representing the best productions of the last twelve years, which is alone worth the price of the whole series.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Twelfth Volume of* Harper's Weekly, *ending with No. 696, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News Dealers a* Title-page and Table of Contents.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, January 2, 1869.

CONGRESS UPON REPUDIATION.

CONGRESS has very properly and promptly declared the public sentiment upon the President's proposition of national swindling. It has declared that although the President has gravely suggested that the Government shall steal, the people regard his suggestion as "odious," and that under no circumstances will their representatives consent to offer the public creditor as full compensation a less amount of money than that which the Government contracted to pay. This will show at once to every body interested that the President does not represent public sentiment to-day any more than he has during his term. Indeed, he reduces the whole subject to a ridiculous as well as dishonest point. Some doctors have been of opinion that five per cent. interest was quite enough to pay; others that four was sufficient; others that three and a half was ample; but the President, with a candid air of originality, says blandly, "Don't pay any interest at all."

And that is the legitimate end of all speculations upon the possibility of evading an honest obligation. The report presented in the House by Mr. Hooper upon the proposition to report a bill taxing the bonds, contained the conclusive argument. If, under the circumstances, they can be taxed at all, they can be taxed out of existence. If you begin to tamper, the way is open to abolish. A sagacious banker was recently asked by a friend if he thought that there was any preference of security in the national bonds. "None at all," was the reply; "if stealing begins it will not stop until every thing is gone." General Butler, indeed, did propose to stop at a certain point; but his reason seemed to be that what would be left was hardly worth taking.

The House of Representatives has undoubtedly expressed the enlightened conviction of the country; and we presume that there are some Republicans even who were rather amazed by the very decided expression of the popular will at the polls. It is not many months since there was supposed to be so wide-spread a disposition to repudiate in some form that no party could afford to disregard it. It was privately whispered that the feeling was rapidly becoming irresistible, and that the tendency must be recognized. It was this apparent intention of the wind to blow from the repudiating quarter that induced General Butler, who likes of all things to be in at the changing of the wind, to write his famous letter delicately insinuating the theory with which he is identified. Other conspicuous Republican politicians were equally misled. But when the Chicago Convention met, the Republican people in the country spoke, and they declared, in the most emphatic manner, that the spirit of the obligation was quite as sacred as the letter. Senator Hendricks suggests that such a phrase was a form of words to conceal knavery—that it meant any thing an orator chose. But if a Republican orator had ventured to say, during the canvass, that by the Chicago platform the bonds might be paid in paper instead of gold, he would have been very rapidly corrected by his audience.

The result shows how much wiser the mass of men are in politics, when they touch the domain of morals, than their leaders. Every body, said Talleyrand, knows more than any body. The House, controlled by the same Republican party, at its last session actually entertained a proposition of taxing the bonds—another form of the dishonesty which the President recommends. But it has now heard from the people. Antæus has touched his mother earth, and it declares the mere suggestion to be "odious." So it is, but no more so than it was last year.

The suspicion of the dishonest tendency of the public mind which deluded some Republican partisans of more eagerness or timidity than principle, took captive the Democratic Convention. Mr. Pendleton's views were substantially adopted by it, and for that very reason it was thought wiser to put forward as their representative a candidate not previously identified with repudiation, that the candidate might offset the platform. But that is a trick which seldom deceives. Yet the party tried its best with it. The staple of the Democratic speeches was negro supremacy and bloated bond-holders. The appeals were to jealousy, prejudice, and ignorance. Mr. Seymour, politically death-struck, set forth upon a solemn pilgrimage to incite sectional and class hostility. Financial questions are always supposed to be difficult, but then, also, every body always supposes himself to understand them. And fortunately, in this case, in whatever figures Mr. Seymour might indulge his imagination, the simple rule of good faith could not be obscured by them; and if his audience could not explain the error of his smooth misrepresentations, it could feel them. Since God, said Fisher Ames, has given me an intellect so fallible, I can not be enough grateful that he has added an instinct so sure.

It was this instinct which defeated the repudiating policy of the Democratic Convention; which has terribly shaken General Butler in the public confidence; which has restored moral sanity to other conspicuous gentlemen who did not venture quite so far as he; and which now receives, with mingled indignation and contempt, the proposal of the President to substitute a magpie for the American eagle. The idea of avoiding the payment of our debts by swindling our creditors—a very ancient form of knavery—being thus abandoned, we may hope for a thorough and sensible discussion of the most important question, in what way honestly to pay them with the least burden to the country.

Mr. DISRAELI AND A CORONET.

The freedom with which the wives of public men are sometimes introduced into discussions in England is curiously at variance with our general estimate of the reserve of the English character. The British people indeed have felt the sting of government by influence, by favorites and mistresses in past times acutely enough to protest warmly. Even within forty or fifty years, when, on the one hand, promotion in the army was to be bought by propitiating Mrs. Clarke, the mistress of the Duke of York, and when, a little earlier, Whig votes were to be obtained by the condescension of the Duchess of Devonshire, there was a fair right of protestation and of plain discussion of women who thus challenged it. Indeed, in his speech claiming the right of suffrage for women who are property-holders, Mr. Mill mentioned the importance of attaching responsibility to influence as one of the chief benefits of the proposed change.

The late election in England has again brought certain ladies into the arena of discussion. Thus it is very plainly stated that Mr. Milner Gibson, a well-known Liberal, lost his election because of the aristocratic tendencies of Mrs. Gibson, who did not like her husband's politics or his friends, and therefore estranged, or was supposed to have estranged, him from his old sympathies. Her conduct is criticised vigorously; and a picture of the domestic relations of Mr. Gibson is necessarily left upon the public mind, of which he must of course be conscious, and the fact of such a kind of exposure is probably regarded by him as one of the sharpest penalties of public life. Again—and in illustration of the same publicity as a reward of public distinction—at a banquet in Edinburgh last year, when Mr. Disraeli was Prime Minister, the health of his wife was proposed, and Mr. Disraeli complimented that lady to the company, and said that they could not please him more than by praising her. We in this country are said to be rather unreserved; but we have hardly yet reached that point. At our dinners we toast the ladies in general, and the orator in reply lets fly his rhetorical pyrotechnics for the whole sex. But in all our public banquets of honor to an individual we do not now recall that his wife was especially mentioned.

Mrs. Disraeli has again been drawn into public discussion, and not now with unmixed praise. The peerage that was offered to her husband he declined, but asked that it might be conferred upon her in her own right, and the title chosen is that of Viscountess Beaconsfield. Now this was the name of Edmund Burke's country retreat, and a peerage was offered to him with the same title which he declined. The facts are certainly suggestive, but they do not authorize any attack upon Mrs. Disraeli, whatever they may provoke against her husband. It certainly is not remarkable that a peerage should be offered so clever a Minister upon his retirement. It is not surprising that he should not wish to tumble up stairs into the other House. And it would have given Mr. Disraeli a peculiar prestige if he had humbly thanked his Gracious Mistress, and begged to continue to bear the name which he had distinguished. But it is, after all, an apparent attempt to eat the cake and have it, when he proposes that he will remain with his distinguished name in the place where he can distinguish it still further, while his wife shall have the name, the honor, and the estates of a Viscountess. The Queen could not very well refuse. She gives her Minister a coronet, and if he chooses to put it on the head of his wife nobody need be deceived. Mr. Disraeli accepts the coronet. He is not like Sir Robert Peel, who declined it; and Mrs. Canning was ennobled after her husband's death.

But for all that Viscountess Beaconsfield is in no sense a public personage, and ought not to be so treated. The sarcasm, however, may fairly fall upon her husband. He has no son to inherit the title, and it would half extinguish Mr. Disraeli himself. There is, therefore, no especial merit in refusing it for himself; for he is no longer young, and he would always be more honored as Disraeli than as a new lord. There is, moreover, a certain propriety in accepting or declining, but to do both is merely amusing. Besides, it is a question whether a retiring Minister ought to take what is meant as a personal honor, in which his wife is included, merely because she is his wife, and devote it to a purpose for which it was not intended.

However it be, the English papers are discussing the point with animation and even acrimony. *Punch* compliments the new peeress, and undoubtedly there is a strong feeling that the husband of the Viscountess has done a very graceful act. His regard for her is known; he has not hesitated to acknowledge it publicly. But it would have been better for him and for her if he had worn the coronet or had returned it. Meanwhile, whenever the ladies come to take part in public affairs, as responsible political agents they must expect, as they will doubtless hope, to be criticised. But until that time comes it is an impertinence to pass the threshold of a public man and serve up the character and tastes of his wife for the public entertainment or to gratify party feeling.

THE ARMY REUNION AT CHICAGO.

Such a meeting as that of the Western armies at Chicago is a most significant incident, and to foreign eyes must seem almost incomprehensible. Soldiers who have fought together in as perilous campaigns, and as bravely as men ever fought, meet quietly to organize themselves into a fraternity to cherish the remembrance of the war as a security of peace. But they do not meet so much as soldiers as citizens. They are representatives of that multitude of men who gathered from every part of the country during four years, who saved a nation and with it the promise of progressive liberty, and then quietly melted away indistinguishably into the mass of citizens. How many doubted the result of this enormous military organization! How many feared that a million of men, used to war and flushed with victory, would necessarily derange the peaceful tenor of the old national system! How many wondered whether citizens, so suddenly and swiftly changed into soldiers, could as swiftly and safely be changed back again!

This was one of the vital questions of the war. But it was so answered that it seems never to have been asked. The change of the soldier to the citizen was more surprising than the other, and it was one of the noblest vindications of the whole popular system. The military spirit, in any dangerous sense, disappeared, and, indeed, none seemed more anxious for the return of civil rule than the professional soldiers. And so it has continued. What the Democrats, sorely pressed for a party cry, call the military depotism and satrapies of the Southern States, was a police which their own conduct rendered necessary. As Senator Warner, of Alabama, said a few days since in the Senate, "As soon as the Democratic party would agree to allow to every citizen the freedom of speech and action the necessity of troops would cease." The military control of the late rebel States was in no sense the result of a growth of the military spirit and of a preference for military methods in the country. It was adopted only after experience had shown it to be as much a necessity in certain places as during the war; while in the loyal States, where we are daily dealing in every relation of life with captains and majors and colonels and generals who have a terribly good right to their titles, the ordinary course of life has scarcely been disturbed by an abnormal lawlessness.

And while this is true of the Volunteer, how striking it is in the case of the most conspicuous professional soldiers! So free from the ordinary dangerous ambition had been their career, that when an army of a million men was triumphant upon the field, under the leadership of Generals whom it loved and trusted, it did not occur to any man that those Generals had any less patriotic and impersonal devotion to the cause than the obscurest soldier in the ranks. Grant, the most renowned of living soldiers, commanding a victorious host, was felt to be as free of any individual hope or aim inconsistent with the general welfare as when he was a tanner in Galena. And what he was his companions were—Sherman, and Thomas, and Sheridan, with all the rest. How well said Sherman, as he addressed the army at Chicago, and how true it is of the professional soldier as of his volunteer comrade: "Shall I not then claim for you who represent this ideal volunteer the highest honor that can be conceded to mortal?"

The more thronged and the more enthusiastic such army reunions are, the stronger will be the guarantee of equal liberty and peace in this country. They assemble an army without uniform, without expense, and without danger to any interest or right that any good citizen cherishes.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The Indian question is evidently a very difficult question. It is also a very uninteresting one, and few care to understand it. No genius has ever yet succeeded in throwing a halo around the actual red man, and the figures that do duty for him in romance and poetry are as near life as the stage sailor or Yankee, and no nearer. The popular theory of the Indians is that they are vermin, and that the only policy to be seriously advocated is extermination. Yet a very little knowledge of the facts will show that they are peculiarly exposed to cruel oppression and extortion of every kind. Their very forlornness invites knavery, and as, when pushed to extremity, they are sure to take some sudden and terrible revenge, their enemy persecutes them with impunity, counting upon his own escape under cover of the feeling of horror which their violence will awaken.

That there have been some battles upon the Plains, that there is or is about to be a formidable Indian war, that General Sheridan, who is active and brave, is in command of our troops, and that of course we shall get the best of it, is about all that the uninterested public remembers that it has heard. On the other hand, that there are Indian "rings" which make way with a large part of the appropriations for the Indians is also notorious, and that it is in consequence of the conduct of these "rings" that the vermin sometimes make themselves very troublesome, might occur to some one, but seldom happens to. In the summer of 1865 the Senate appointed a committee of investigation to visit the Indian country, and try to ascertain some facts, and make an intelligible report. They found the vermin ready to come to a fair understanding, which they faithfully observed until their villages were burned as a punishment for the crimes of a few. Then they naturally went to war. The delegation from the Senate reported the difficulty to be that the Indian was an outlaw, and they proposed to extend the law over the whole Indian country. An act embodying this view passed the Senate, but failed in the House. In 1867 there was war again, and the Indian Peace Commission was appointed. This body met the hostile Indians, conferred with them, and made a fresh settlement. It then urged the same general policy with that recommended by the Senate committee, the protection of the Indian by laws, and a guaranteed security of trying his chance at civilization.

One of the members of this Commission, Colonel S. F. Tappan, has written a letter in which he states his view of the whole subject. He says, decidedly, that the Indians will keep the peace if they can, and are never the first to violate treaties. He makes no excuse for their atrocities in war, but he says that they are no worse than those practiced upon them. They are the victims of incessant and wanton attacks, and the warriors see their wives and children massacred and their villages destroyed. A great mass of evidence has been accumulated by the Congressional Committee and by the Peace Commission, which shows that in every instance of the recent outbreaks the fault was with the whites and not with the Indians. Peace can be preserved so long as good faith is maintained. Colonel Tappan recommends the abandonment of the war policy—the disbanding of the volunteers, who slay every Indian, and whose only policy is extermination, and the gathering of all the Indians into five great reservations under civil control, with the army as an auxiliary police. Wherever the Peace Commission has kept its word the Indians have kept theirs, and there are now a hundred thousand of the Sioux, Crow, and other tribes peacefully carrying out the plans of the Commission.

Colonel Wynkoop, who has seen much service among the Indians, and who resigns his commission "rather than be the instrument of the murder of innocent women and children," also throws light upon the subject. He was ordered to Fort Cobb to collect there the Indians of his agency. After leaving, he learned of five columns of troops moving in the same direction, which will be controlled by their officers. But there are also in the field, under Government sanction, volunteer troops and Ute and Osage Indians, the deadly enemies of the Indians of the Plains, who will murder all they meet, which will include the Indians of his own agency. Powerless to prevent it, he resigns. There is the account of Father De Smet, an old missionary among the Indians of the West, and he tells the same story of their docility, and has no doubt of their rapid progress in civilization, if they are treated fairly.

While it must be conceded, however, that the Indians have shown no great aptitude for civilization, the testimony, public and private, confirms these statements that they are the wronged party and the victims in their relations with the whites. The question is very difficult. Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who speaks with the authority of much experience, thinks that there should be a special Department for the Indians with agents appointed for life, with ample salaries and subject to the severest discipline. The Bishop does not favor placing the Indian Bureau in the War Department, fearing the effect upon the Indians of placing the agencies at military posts. One chief difficulty is that of finding the right kind of men for agents, and the reasons are obvious. But let us hope, now that the subject is before the Senate, that it will not be dismissed without the most ample investigation.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE.

Christmas Week began with April softness, and if we could only trust the flattering tales that are always told by Hope upon Christmas-eve, we might expect the pleasantest of winters and of years. But if Jack Frost is, with all affectionate children, large and small, "Home for the Holidays," he will return by Twelfth Night, and the "Christmas Belles" shall yet skim the moonlit snow to the dance and the yellow glass of mulled wine. No April-eyed December can deceive old Santa Claus. He will step over the house-tops as nimbly as ever, and—cheer up, dear parents!—there shall be no lack of drums, trumpets, rattles, whistles, guns, and cannon, to promote the tranquillity of the nursery. Blow, blow, thou winter wind! But whatever the weather may do, we shall try to keep the old sun shining in our columns, and to keep up with the time o' day.

The new era upon which the country is entering, the vast and novel industries which assured peace must develop, the rapid extension of enterprise into remote and romantic regions of our own and of other countries, promise opportunity and material enough for the busiest pen and pencil. By the law of our paper the world is our oyster, to be opened as we best can for the pleasure and profit of our readers. And to all of them, old and new, with renewed pledges of industry and care—if they were needed—and with the various sweet and sad memories of the years that are gone, we enter upon eighteen hundred and sixty-nine with the heartiest wishes for a Happy New Year!

THE BOSTON, HARTFORD, AND ERIE RAILROAD.

The efforts of Boston to reach the Western trade have been as active as her natural advantages will allow; but as her principal route, by way of Worcester and Springfield to Albany, encounters a high elevation in the mountain range in Berkshire, the descent of which going East is rendered sometimes difficult in winter owing to steep grades, other lines have been proposed to overcome this objection. The engineering difficulties encountered in that descent have been managed with the highest skill. The mountain stream, in company with which the railroad seeks the plain, is crossed twenty-seven times over bridges of masonry, many of whose arches are sixty feet high. In the summer, when no sense of danger attends the descent, the traveler, who watches from the rear of the train the course of the river as it rushes down its rocky bed, expanding as it descends, and notices the high and durable arches over which the train has just moved at rapid speed, is amazed at the boldness which, in the infancy of engineering knowledge, projected a work so difficult. The scenery is remarkably picturesque, and contributes to the sensations of pride and wonder which the work occasions. It will stand as an enduring monument to the sagacity, the energy, and the courage of Massachusetts. The coveted prize, the trade of the great West with its treasures far beyond those of India, calls into exercise this display of skill and power. Long may that system of policy endure, which opens to every part of the Union the opportunity to carry great enterprises through other portions of it, to reap the advantages which are diffused broadly and liberally over our country! The states of Europe can not offer such facilities. The forces which we employ in developing our whole industry as a unit they employ—1,200,000 in France, 1,000,000 in Prussia, 1,000,000 in Russia, 800,000 in Austria, 500,000 in Italy—in standing armies to secure isolation and prevent united influence and action.

If the unneighborly and unfriendly system of European states were adopted here the construction of a Boston road through the Hoosac Tunnel to tap our improvements on the north, and the construction of another line to tap the Erie road at Newburgh, would be impossible. These enterprises are not only not regarded with jealousy—they scarcely attract attention, except in the quarters specially interested in the results which are expected to flow from them. The Hoosac Tunnel enterprise now waits for the closing of a contract authorized by Massachusetts to embrace the entire work, the question being undecided whether the security demanded by the State from bidders shall be required or waived. The Boston, Hartford, and Erie line calls for a more particular notice, as the short distance remaining unfinished is now being worked, and will exercise, when finished, a powerful influence upon the industry of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts.

It will be recollected that the Erie Railroad during the preceding summer took five millions of dollars of the bonds of this Company—a questionable proceeding—which were purchased at eighty. They were called the Berdell mortgage bonds. The object of this purchase was to secure the aid of Massachusetts, which, in 1867, had authorized a loan of its credit to this enterprise to the extent of three millions of dollars, on certain conditions, which otherwise could not have been complied with. The act called for the appointment of three commissioners, one of whom shall be an engineer, to ascertain the amount of the work and inform the Governor and Council of its exact condition. It was provided that no portion of the State credit should be issued by the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, unless it was made to appear that the Company would be able, either alone or with the aid of other parties, to complete the line of railway from Boston to Fishkill; and if, at any time after any portion of State aid had been advanced, it should appear that such road would not be completed in five years, no further aid was to be given.

On the 14th of October last the Governor and Council of Massachusetts, on a report of the Commissioners, decided that, in all human probability, the means had been provided to complete the road to Fishkill, and ordered that the first installment of one hundred thousand dollars of the scrip of the Commonwealth should be issued expressed in the currency of Great Britain; upon the issuing of which, contracts for the most difficult portion of the line were immediately made.

The unfinished portion of the line extends from Waterbury in Connecticut to Fishkill on the Hudson, immediately opposite to the termination of the Erie Railroad at Newburgh. From Waterbury to our State line, about 36 miles, its course is westerly, generally at right angles to the streams and valleys in Connecticut. It commences at Waterbury, where the road in running order now terminates, at an elevation of 153 feet above tide, reaches in about eight miles the ridge at Towanbie, elevated 646 feet; descends ten miles to the valley of the Housatonic, 142 feet above tide; ascends to Tunnel Hill, distant four miles (near Hawleyville), which it pierces with a tunnel 800 feet long and 368 feet above tide; passes on a very good grade to Danbury, eight miles, which is 389 feet above tide, and thence five miles to the dividing line between New York and Connecticut, which it crosses at an elevation of 465 feet. Its course thence to Fishkill is through an opening cut by one of the affluents of the Croton to near Brewster's Station, with which station it will connect on the Harlem Railroad, thence northerly, parallel with that road, to Towner's Station, near which point it diverges toward the Fishkill Mountains, which it crosses near Whaley's Pond at an elevation of 746 feet above tide, constituting the summit. Descending the mountain, it runs near Fishkill Creek, and uses the Dutchess, Columbia, and Fishkill Railroad, which, having been purchased, is to be delivered over finished, with its rolling stock, at an early period.

A very large portion of the line described is now being vigorously worked, but as the tunnel and severe cuts will require nearly two years, it is not expected that the whole will be in running order before December, 1870. There is a very strong probability that it will be finished and in operation by that time, as over four hundred miles of road now completed as well as the value of those bonds depend upon it. This road, between Putnam and Willimantic in Connecticut, is being straightened in order to furnish between Boston and New York, by way of the Harlem Railroad, what is claimed will be a shorter line of travel than by any other route. This road connects also with Providence, Rhode Island, and other important points.

The main object of this route to the Hudson is to obtain coal by way of the Erie Railroad for the numerous manufacturing establishments in the three States immediately benefited, and also to diffuse it over the whole Eastern States by means of the various lines going north and south which it traverses. The coal-fields of Pennsylvania lie due west of Newburgh, and may be reached, it is supposed, with more ease in this way than by the lines now existing. In aid of water-power coal has come to be a necessity to mills in the interior, so that during the droughts of summer their industry may not be delayed. That this road will be a feeder to the Erie, and will receive a great variety of Western products from the Erie, is certain. Another route has been devised from New Haven by way of Derby, the Titicus Valley, Purdy's Station on the Harlem Road, the High Bridge over the Hudson near Peekskill, to connect with the Erie near Towner's; but this enterprise west of Derby has not been commenced, although the bridge intended for general use has been located to cross the Hudson at Anthony's Nose, above Peekskill.

New York can console itself, as it views these evidences of energy and power in our Eastern States, by the knowledge that very little of the trade which is intended for foreign parts can be diverted from us, inasmuch as at the Hudson the effort at competition will encounter the facility of tide-water to float products cheaply to their place of destination.

The line ought to have been constructed by the States most interested, without calling upon the Erie Railroad to advance its funds to the extent of two millions, and its acceptances to the extent of $1,570,400, for such an object. The Erie also agreed, in consideration of the right to use the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Road for some purposes of distribution, to pay for a limited time the interest on the $4,000,000 of bonds. The branch to Newburgh not being profitable, these operations were undertaken in order, it is said, to give it additional employment, and thus benefit its through line: a very insufficient reason.

The avails of this arrangement, and the $3,000,000 to be advanced by Massachusetts, including the $100,000 advanced in October, constitute, with unused bonds and stock of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie, the means for completing this line, which is regarded with great interest by a large population. The interior portions of Putnam, Dutchess, Columbia, and northern Westchester expect to derive important advantages from this connection with the Erie Railroad, as it will enable their inhabitants to obtain coal, grain, cattle, and many Western productions free of the great expense which now attends their transportation, and will stimulate largely their manufacturing and other industry.

THE INDIANA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

The hanging of prisoners by a Vigilance Committee in Indiana, and the deliberate determination with which it was done, is one of the most startling and significant of recent events. Last May a railroad express car was robbed and the messenger horribly beaten. Some of the robbers were taken, some escaped to Canada, and some disappeared altogether. Those who fled to Canada were returned under the extradition treaty and confined with their comrades in October. Meanwhile those who escaped altogether organized a fresh robbery of the same kind, were betrayed, entrapped, and after a sharp struggle arrested and lodged in jail. They were subsequently placed upon a train to be carried to the county seat. The train stopped when a signal of distress was made upon the road-side. The signal proved to be the device of a Vigilance Committee, which seized the prisoners. Knowing their doom the men confessed, and when they had done so, were hung by the Committee, which then issued an address of warning to all thieves, threatening, in case of retaliation, to hang every thieving character it could lay its hands upon. The Committee pursued three of the gang who had escaped, and finding them, hung them also.

This was in July, and it was on the 23d of October that the prisoners were surrendered from Canada. In November they were brought to the jail at New Albany, Indiana, and it was supposed they would be left in peace until their trial. But some days since, at 3 o'clock in the morning, a body of seventy men masked and armed arrived in the town by the railroad, proceeded to the jail, and summoned the sheriff to surrender the keys. He refused, and after some struggle was shot and wounded. Finding the keys the masked men opened the jail doors, until they came upon one door which they could not open, and the patrol. He made show of fight, but they showed him a rope and told him that if he resisted he should be hanged. Overpowered, he opened the door and the masked men entered the cells, and seizing the prisoners instantly hanged them from the railing of an upper corridor. Then locking the door and taking the key the masked men returned without disorder to the station where a train awaited them, and stepping in they departed, having hung since the robbery ten men in all.

The Canadian papers say very properly that if prisoners charged with crime but not convicted are liable to be slaughtered when surrendered under the extradition treaty, it is high time to consider whether the evils of the treaty do outweigh its advantages. But while that is true from their point of view, the existence of such a Vigilance Committee indicates a fatal distrust of the ordinary processes of justice. And it is now stated that this distrust was not ill-founded, and that there was no reason to suppose that the robbers would be properly punished by the law. The courts of law are the last peaceful remedy, but when they are more than suspected, the remedy inevitably ceases to be peaceful. When the courts fall into public contempt, the condition of order is that no great crime taxes the public patience. San Francisco taught all cities that lesson. It is the bitter reproach of the people of Indiana that such terrible deeds should even seem to have a palliation. Meanwhile, if the United States Government receives accused prisoners from the British Government for trial, it is bound to see that they are tried, not murdered before trial. But it is the duty of Indiana so to do justice that there shall be no wish to deprive the law of its prerogative.

LITERARY.

Professor John M. Leavitt, in the poetical tragedies of *Afranius* and *The Idumean*, has endeavored to do for the ancient life of Rome and Judea what Longfellow essayed for the days of Puritanism in his "New England Tragedies." Without possessing the subtle and often exquisite imagination of Longfellow, he seems to us to possess a truer appreciation of character, and to afford a better portraiture of the age into which he endeavors to conduct his readers. The second tragedy is perhaps a little too tragic, and the historic accuracy of the characters of Aristobulus and Antipater could probably neither be verified nor disproved. But there are few scenes in history more terrible than those which characterize the close of the reign of Herod the Great; and to be true to life the tragedy of that era must be terrible. The history of these ages of the past is, for the most part, like a portrait of an Old Master—the features dimmed by the incrustations of time. Professor Leavitt has succeeded in removing these, and in presenting in the language of imagination as real, the life which, in its ordinary historic forms, seems like fiction.

"HARPER'S BAZAR."

The number of this journal of fashion for the present week contains a magnificent Colored Fashion Plate, prepared expressly for it by the *Mode Illustrée* of Paris, which surpasses any work of the kind ever published in this country. A New-Year's gift in the form of this useful and beautiful chronicle of the modes, with its carefully detailed directions for enabling every body to keep pace with their changes, is a remembrance which renews itself every week, and is worth a thought at this happy season.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 14:

In the Senate, a communication was presented from the Governor of Oregon, inclosing resolutions from the Legislature of that State, rescinding its ratification of the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment.—Mr. Morton introduced a bill providing for the redemption, in coin, of United States notes and fractional currency in 1871. The bill also requires National Banks to redeem their notes in specie in 1872.

In the House, a resolution was adopted instructing the Reconstruction Committee to investigate the Ku-Klux outrages in Tennessee.—The President's financial propositions looking toward repudiation were denounced with only six dissentient voices.

December 15:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson's bill to repeal the bill for prohibiting the organization of militia in the States lately in rebellion was passed.

December 16:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of immediate legislation to prevent the discharge of convicts in Virginia, under the recent extraordinary decision of United States Judges. Mr Williams, who offered the resolution, referred to the recent decision of Judge Underwood, whereby a woman sentenced to death was discharged from custody because one of the magistrates before whom she was tried was disqualified from holding office by the Fourteenth Amendment.

In the House, a bill reported from the Reconstruction Committee was passed, relieving from political disabilities certain citizens of the Southern States who have recently been elected to office.—A House bill repealing the act prohibiting the organization of militia in the reconstructed Southern States. The Democratic members desired all the Southern States to be included in the bill; but the bill was passed as reported from the Reconstruction Committee.—A resolution was adopted providing that women employed by the Government shall hereafter receive the same rate of compensation as men who perform similar service.

December 17:

In the Senate, a bill was passed relieving from political disabilities certain citizens of South Carolina.—The House resolution was passed, disapproving of the financial recommendations of the President's Message.

In the House, eulogies upon the late Thaddeus Stevens were pronounced by Messrs. Kelley, Wood, Broomall, Whittemore, Covode, and others.

December 18:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of the Interior to communicate any information in his possession regarding the hostile or peaceful character of the Indians recently killed or captured by General Custer in his fight with them on the Washita.—Mr. Sumner's resolution, expressing sympathy with Spain, was, after some objection, passed, by a vote of 41 yeas to 5 nays.—The House resolutions announcing the death of Thaddeus Stevens were received, and eulogies were pronounced by Messrs. Cameron, Buckalew, Morrill, and Sumner, after which the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the credentials of G. W. Menard, colored, from Louisiana, were referred to the Committee on Elections.—The Senate bill removing disabilities from certain South Carolina citizens was passed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The insurrection in Spain seems to be at an end. The rebels at Cadiz have surrendered their arms to the government authorities. About 500 persons were killed and wounded in the late struggle in that city.

The Government of Cuba has determined upon a combined movement against the rebels, in which the freshly-arrived reinforcements from Spain are to participate. The force to be employed is formidable, and, it is believed, will effectually put an end to the insurrection.

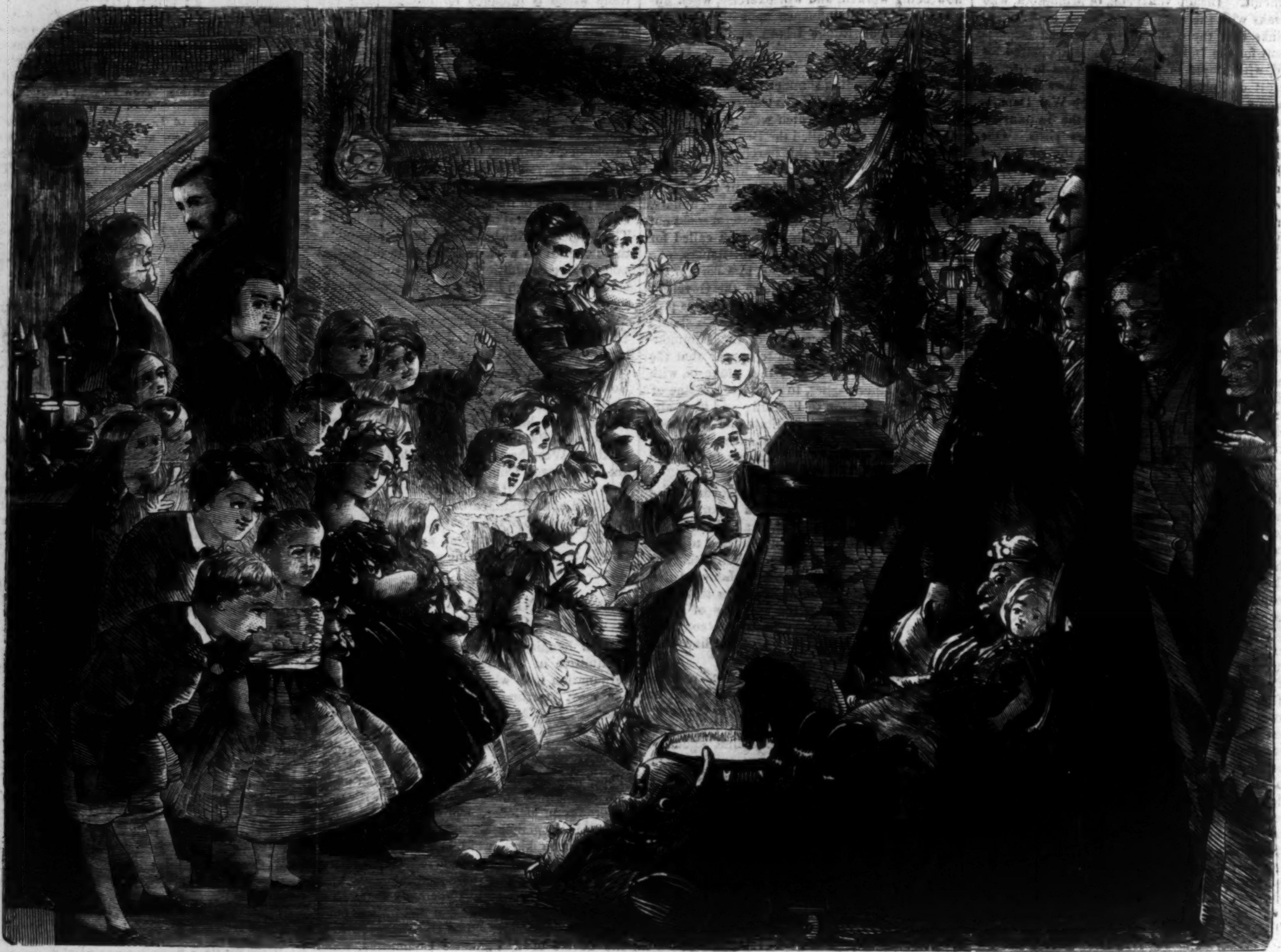
Heavy shocks of earthquake were felt at Gibraltar on December 18.

The King of Greece has refused to comply with the demand of the Turkish Sultan, and both countries are already engaged in hostilities It is hoped that the combined action of the Great Powers will shorten the struggle and circumscribe its consequences. The latest advices indicate that beyond the encounter which has already taken place in the Bay of Syra there may be no farther progress of hostilities.

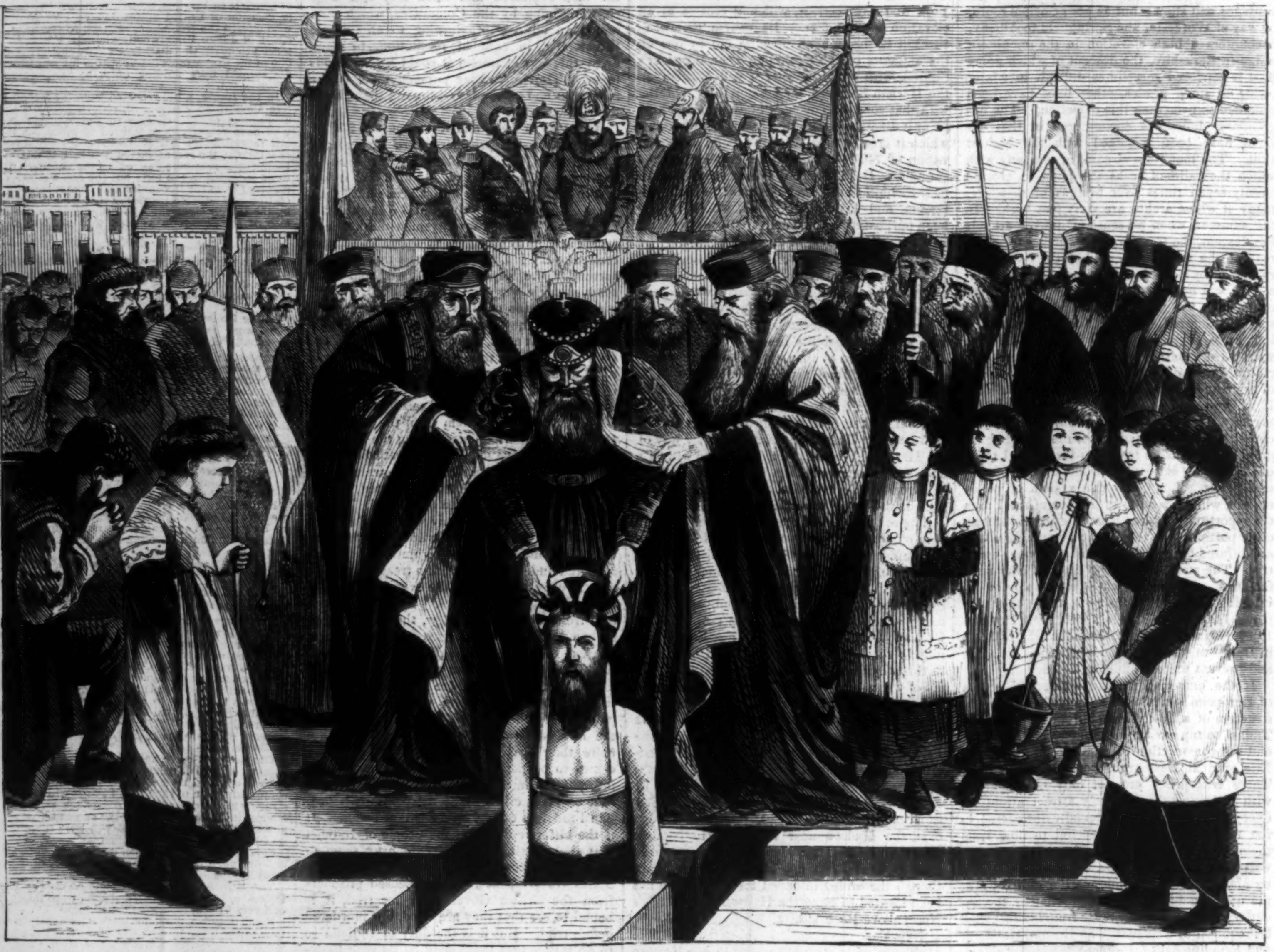
Several changes have been made in the French Cabinet, owing, it is said, to the unpopularity of the press prosecutions.

The British Parliament assembled on the 15th of December in joint session, and listened to the reading of a very brief speech from the throne.

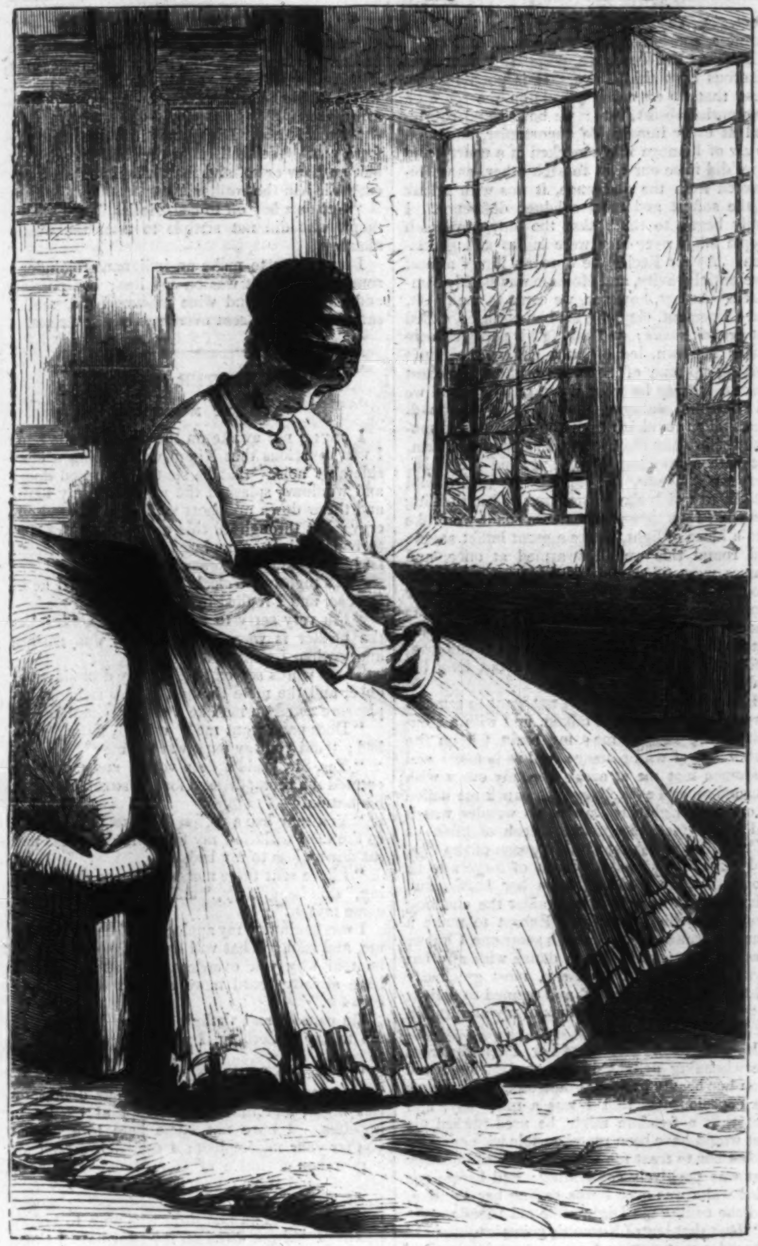
Some English missionaries who recently made a tour through the interior of China report the discovery of gold, silver, lead, coal, and iron. They also found Catholic priests in every town, and Chinese converts to that faith "by hundreds of thousands."



THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.



A CURIOUS CUSTOM OBSERVED BY THE GREEK CHURCH IN RUSSIA.—SKETCHED BY PAUL FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



A YEAR'S WORK.

Sitting beside the casement
  In the chill December day,
While Twilight, wrapped in her misty veil,
  Was sobbing her life away;
Hearing the tinkle of the beck,
  And the chirp of the lingering bird,
And the whistle of the homebound hind,
  And the low of the distant herd;
Watching the red leaves floating down
  From the branches one by one;
Thinking of all that a year could do,
  Of all that a year had done.

Sweet as an April morn it rose,
  The love that had failed so soon,
Strewing her path with bright May flowers,
  Brilliant and warm as June.
It drooped in August's fervid smile,
  It fell like the year's last rose;
She can scarcely trace its resting-place,
  'Neath December's deep'ning snows.
The blossoms will bloom into life again
  At the call of the summer sun,
But nor time nor tide can undo for her
  What a single year has done.

Sitting beside the casement
  Till the stars gleam through the firs,
The large tears dropping, slow and cold,
  On those folded hands of hers.
They glitter as bright in the red fire-light
  As the diamond that she wore
Ere she drew it off, the mocking pledge
  Of a troth whose truth was o'er.
The hollow darkness around her creeps;
  The day's long watch is run;
And all that they swore but Death could do,
  A little year has done.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XI.

A BIRTHDAY DINNER.

The eventful day arrived at last, and now, as I write, I can bring up before me the whole of that morning, so full of exciting sensations and of pleasurable surprises. I wandered about from room to room, never sated with the splendors around me. Till then I had not seen the gorgeous furniture uncovered, nor had I the faintest idea of the beauty and richness of the silk hangings, or the glittering elegance of those lustres of pure Venetian glass. Perhaps nothing, however, astonished me so much as the array of gold and silver plate in the dining-room. Our every-day dinners had been laid out with what had seemed to me a most costly elegance; but what were they to this display of splendid centre-pieces and massive cups and salvers large as shields! Of flowers, the richest and rarest, wagon-loads poured in; and at last I saw the horses taken out, and carts full of carnations and geraniums left unloaded in the stable-yard. Ice, too, came in the same profusion: those squarely cut blocks, bright as crystal, and hollowed out to serve as wine-coolers, and take their place amidst the costlier splendors of gold and silver.

It is rare to hear the servant class reprove profusion; but here I overheard many a comment on the reckless profligacy of outlay which had provided for this occasion enough for a dozen such. It was easy to see, they said, that Mr. Cleremont did not pay, and this sneer sunk deep into my mind, increasing the dislike I already felt for him.

Nor was it the house alone was thus splendidly prepared for reception; but kiosks and tents were scattered through the grounds, in each of which, as if by magic, supper could be served on the instant. Upward of thirty additional servants were engaged, all of whom were dressed in our state livery, white, with silver epaulets, and the Norcott crest embroidered on the arm. These had been duly drilled by Mr. Cleremont, and were not, he said, to be distinguished by the most critical eye from the rest of the household.

Though there was movement every where, and every where activity, there was little or no confusion. Cleremont was an adept in organization, and already his skill and cleverness had spread discipline through the mass. He was a despot, however; would not permit the slightest interference with his functions, nor accept a suggestion from any one. "Captain Hotham gives no orders here," I heard him say; and when standing under my window, and, I am almost sure, seeing me, he said, "Master Digby has nothing to do with the arrangements any more than yourself."

I had determined that day to let nothing irritate or vex me; that I would give myself up to unmixed enjoyment, and make this birthday a memorable spot in life, to look back on with undiluted delight. I could have been more certain to carry out this resolve if I could only have seen and spoken with Madame Cleremont; but she did not leave her room the whole day. A distinguished hair-dresser had arrived with a mysterious box early in the morning, and after passing two hours engaged with her, had returned for more toilet requirements. In fact, from the coming and going of maids and dress-makers, it was evident that the preparations of beauty were fully equal to those that were being made by cooks and confectioners.

My father, too, was invisible; his breakfast was served in his own room; and when Cleremont wished to communicate with him, he had to do so in writing: and these little notes passed unceasingly between them till late in the afternoon.

"What's up now?" I heard Hotham say, as Cleremont tore up a note in pieces and flung the fragments from him with impatience.

"Just like him. I knew exactly how it would be," cried the other. "He sent a card of invitation to the Duc de Bredar without first making a visit; and here comes the Duc's chasseur to say that his Excellency has not the honor of knowing the gentleman who has been so gracious as to ask him to dinner."

"Norcott will have him out for the impertinence," said Hotham.

"And what will that do? Will the shooting him or the being shot make this dinner go off as we meant it, eh? Is that for me, Nixon? Give it here." He took a note as he spoke and tore it open. "La Marquise de Carnac is engaged;" not a word more. "The world is certainly progressing in politeness. Three cards came back this day with the words 'sent by mistake' written on them. Norcott does not know it yet, nor shall he till to-morrow."

"Is it true that the old Countess de Joievillars begged to know who was to receive the ladies invited?"

"Yes, it is true; and I told her a piece of her own early history in return, to assure her that no accident of choice should be any bar to the hope of seeing her."

"What was the story?"

"I'd tell it if that boy of Norcott's was not listening there at that window."

"Yes, Sir," cried I; "I have heard every word, and mean to repeat it to my father when I see him."

"Tell him at the same time, then, that his grand dinner of twenty-eight has now come down to seventeen, and I'm not fully sure of three of these."

I went down into the dining-room, and saw that places had been laid for twenty-eight, and as yet no alteration had been made in the table, so that it at once occurred to me this speech of Cleremont's was a mere impertinence—one of those insolent sallies he was so fond of. Nixon, too, had placed the name of each guest on his napkin, and he, at least, had not heard of any apologies.

Given in my honor as this dinner was, I felt a most intense interest in its success. I was standing, as it were, on the threshold of life, and regarded the mode in which I should be received as an augury of good or evil. My father's supremacy at home, the despotism he wielded, and the respect and deference he exacted, led me to infer that he exercised the same influence on the world at large; and that, as I had often heard, the only complaint against him in society was his exclusiveness. I canvassed these thoughts with myself for hours, as I sat alone in my room waiting till it was time to dress.

At last eight o'clock struck, and I went down into the drawing-room. Hotham was there, in a window recess, conversing in whispers with an Italian count—one of our intimates, but of whom I knew nothing. They took no notice of me, so that I took up a paper and began to read. Cleremont came in soon after with a bundle of notes in his hand. "Has your father come down?" asked he, hastily; and then, without waiting for my reply, he turned and left the room. Madame next appeared. I have no words for my admiration of her as, splendidly dressed and glittering with diamonds, she swept proudly in. That her beauty could have been so heightened by mere toilet seemed incredible, and as she read my wonderment in my face she smiled, and said:

"Yes, Digby, I am looking my very best to fête your birthday."

I would have liked to have told her how lovely she appeared to me, but I could only blush and gaze wonderingly on her.

"Button this glove, dear," said she, handing to me her wrist all weighted and jingling with costly bracelets; and while, with trembling fingers, I was trying to obey her, my father entered and came toward us. He made her a low but very distant bow, tapped me familiarly on the shoulder, and then moved across to an arm chair and sat down.

Cleremont now came in, and drawing a chair beside my father's, leaned over and said something in a whisper. Not seeming to attend to what he was saying, my father snatched rather than took the bundle of letters he held in his hand, ran his eyes eagerly over some of them; and then, crushing the mass in his grasp, he threw it into the fire.

"It is forty minutes past eight," said he, calmly, but with a deadly pallor in his face. "Can any one tell me if that clock be right?"

"It is eight or ten minutes slow," said Hotham.

"Whom do we wait for, Cleremont?" asked my father again.

"Steinmetz was 'de service' with the King, but would come if he got free; and there's Rochegude, the French Secretary, was to replace his chief. I'm not quite sure about the Walronds, but Craydon told me positively to expect *him*."

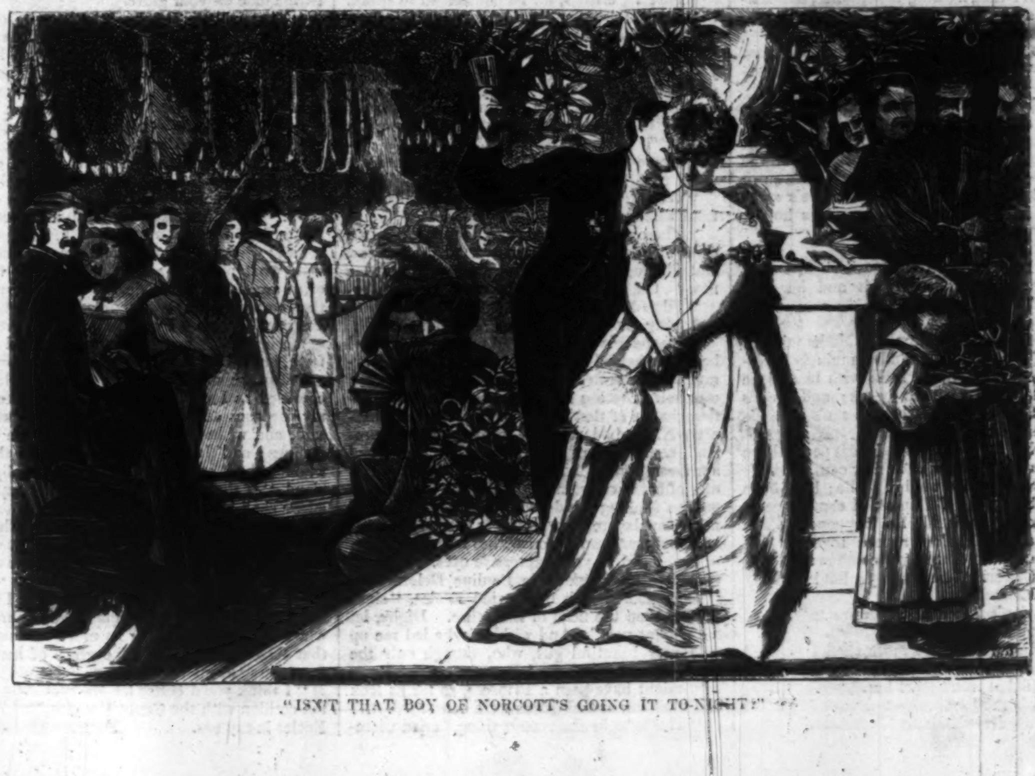
"Do me the favor to ring the bell and order dinner," said my father, and he spoke with measured calm.

"Won't you wait a few minutes?" whispered Cleremont. "The Duke de Frialmont, I'm sure, will be here."

"No, Sir; we live in a society that understands and observes punctuality. No breach of it is accidental. Dinner, Nixon!" added he, as the servant appeared.

The folding-doors were thrown wide almost at once, and dinner announced. My father gave his arm to Madame Cleremont, who actually tottered as she walked beside him, and as she sat down seemed on the verge of fainting. Just as we took our places three young men, somewhat overdressed, entered hurriedly, and were proceeding to make their apologies for being late; but my father, with a chilling distance, assured them they were in excellent time, and motioned them to be seated.

Of the table laid for twenty-eight guests nine places were occupied; and these, by some mischance, were scattered here and there with wide intervals. Madame Cleremont sat on my fa-



"ISN'T THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S GOING IT TO-NIGHT?"

ther's right, and three empty places flanked his left hand.

I sat opposite my father, with two vacant seats on either side of me; Hotham nearest to me, and one of the strangers beside him. They conversed in a very low tone, but short snatches and half-sentences reached me; and I heard the stranger say, "It was too bold a step; women are sure to resent such attempts." Madame Cleremont's name, too, came up three or four times; and the stranger said, "It's my first dinner here, and the Bredars will not forgive me for coming."

"Well, there's none of them has such a cook as Norcott," said Hotham.

"I quite agree with you; but I'd put up with a worse dinner for better company."

I looked round at this to show I had heard the remark, and from that time they conversed in a whisper.

My father never uttered a word during the dinner. I do not know if he ate, but he helped himself and affected to eat. As for Madame, how she sat out those long two hours, weak and fainting as she was, I can not tell. I saw her once try to lift her glass to her lips, but her hand trembled so she set it down untasted, and lay back in her chair, like one dying out of exhaustion.

A few words and a faint attempt to laugh once or twice broke the dead silence of the entertainment, which proceeded, however, in all its stately detail, course after course, till the dessert was handed round, and Tokay, in small gilt glasses, was served; then, my father rose slowly, and drawing himself up to his full height, looked haughtily around him. "May I ask my illustrious friends," said he, "who have this day so graciously honored me with their presence, to drink the health of my son, whose birthday we celebrate. There is no happier augury on entering life than to possess the friendship and good-will of those who stand foremost in the world's honor. It is his great privilege to be surrounded this day by beauty and by distinction. The great in the art of peace and war, and that loveliness which surpasses in its fascination all other rewards, are around me, and I call upon these to drink to the health of Digby Norcott."

All rose and drank; Hotham lifted his glass high in air and tried a cheer, but none joined him. His voice died away, and he sat down; and for several minutes an unbroken silence prevailed.

My father at last leaned over toward Madame, and I heard the word "coffee." She arose and took his arm, and we all followed them to the drawing-room.

"I'm right glad it's over," said Hotham, as he poured his brandy over his coffee. "I've sat out a court-martial that wasn't slower than that dinner."

"But what's the meaning of it all?" asked another. "Why and how came all these apologies?"

"You'd better ask Cleremont, or rather his wife," muttered Hotham, and moved away.

"You ought to get into the open air: that's the best thing for you," I heard Cleremont say to his wife, but there was such a thorough indifference in the tone it sounded less like a kindness than a sarcasm. She, however, drew a shawl around her, and moved down the steps into the garden. My father soon after retired to his own room, and Cleremont, laughingly, said, "There are no women here, and we may have a cigar;" and he threw his case across the table. The whole party were soon immersed in smoke.

I saw that my presence imposed some restraint on the conversation, and soon sought my room with a much sadder spirit and a heavier heart than I had left it two hours before.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BALL.

MUSING, and thinking, and fretting together, I had fallen asleep on my sofa, and was awakened by Mr. Nixon lighting my candles, and asking me in a very mild voice if I felt unwell.

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Won't you go down, Sir, then. It's past eleven now, and there's a good many people below."

"Who have come?" asked I, eagerly.

"Well, Sir," said he, with a certain degree of hesitation, "they're not much to talk about. There's eight or nine young gentlemen of the Embassies—attachés like—and there's fifteen or twenty officers of the Guides, and there's some more that look like travelers out of the hotels. They ain't in evening dress."

"Are there no ladies?"

"Yes; I suppose we must call them ladies, Sir. There's Madame Rigault and her two daughters."

"The pastry-cook?"

"Yes, Sir; and there are the Mademoiselles Janson, of the cigar shop, and stunningly dressed they are, too! Amber satin with black lace and Spanish veils on their heads; and there's that little Swedish girl—I believe she's a Swede—that sells the iced drinks."

"But what do you mean? These people have not been invited. How have they come here?"

"Well, Sir, I mustn't tell you a lie; but I hope you'll not betray me if I speak in confidence to you. Here's how it all has happened. The swells all refused; they agreed together that they'd not come to dinner, nor come in the evening. Mr. Cleremont knows why; but it ain't for me to say it."

"But *I* don't know, and I desire to know!" cried I, haughtily.

"Well, indeed, Sir, it's more than I can tell you. There's people here not a bit correcter than herself that won't meet her."

"Meet whom?"

"Madame, Sir—Madame Cleremont."

"Don't dare to say another word," cried I, passionately. "If you utter a syllable of disrespect to that name I'll fling you out of the window."

"Don't be afraid, Master Digby; I know my station, and I never forget it, Sir. I was only telling you what you asked me, not a word more. The swells sent back your father's cards, and there's more than three hundred of them returned."

"And where's papa now?"

"In bed, Sir. He told his valet he wasn't to be disturbed except the house took fire."

"Is Madame Cleremont below?"

"No, Sir; she's very ill. The doctor has been with her, and he's coming again to-night."

"And are these people—this rabble that you talk of—received as my papa's guests?"

"Only in a sort of a way, Sir," said he, smiling. "You see, that when Mr. Cleremont perceived that there was nothing but excuses and apologies pouring in, he told me to close the house, and that we'd let all the bourgeois people into the grounds, and give them a jolly supper and plenty of Champagne; and he sent word to a many of the young officers to come up and have a lark; and certainly, as the supper was there, they might as well eat it. The only puzzle is now, won't there be too many, for he sent round to all Sir Roger's tradespeople—all at least that has good-looking daughters—and they're pourin' in by tens and fifteens, and right well dressed and well got up, too."

"And what will papa say to all this to-morrow?"

"Don't you know, Sir, that Sir Roger seldom looks back," said he, with a cunning look; "he'll not be disturbed to-night, for the house is shut up, and the bands are playing, one at the lake, the other at the end of the long walk, and the suppers will be served here and there, where they can cheer and drink toasts without annoying any one."

"It's a downright infamy!" cried I.

"It ain't the correct thing, sure enough, Sir; there's none of us could say that, but it will be rare fun: and as Captain Hotham said, 'the women are a precious sight better looking than the countesses.'"

"Where is Mr. Eccles?"

"I saw him waltzing, Sir, or maybe it was the polka, with Madame Robineau just as I was coming up to you."

"I'll go down and tell Mr. Cleremont to dismiss his friends," cried I, boiling over with anger. "Papa meant this fête to celebrate my birthday. I'll not accept such rabble congratulations. If Mr. Cleremont must have an orgie, let him seek for another place to give it in."

"Don't go, master, don't I entreat you!" cried he, imploringly. "You'll only make a row, Sir, and bring down Sir Roger, and then who's to say what will happen? He'll have a dozen duels on his hands in half as many minutes. The officers won't stand being called to account, and Sir Roger is not the man to be sweet-tempered with them."

"And am I to see my father's name insulted, and his house dishonored by such a canaille crew as this?"

"Just come down and see them, Master Digby; prettier, nicer girls you never saw in your life, and pretty behaved, too. Ask Mr. Eccles if he ever mixed with a nicer company. There now, Sir, slip on your velvet jacket—it looks nicer than that tail-coat—and come down. They'll be all proud and glad to see you, and won't she hold her head high that you ask to take a turn of a waltz with you!"

"And how should I face my father to-morrow?" said I, blushing deeply.

"Might I tell you a secret, Master Digby?" said he, leaning over the table, and speaking almost in my ear.

"Go on," said I, dryly.

"I know well, Sir, you'll never throw me over, and what I'm going to tell you is worth gold to you."

"Go on," cried I, for he had ceased to speak.

"Here it is, then," said he, with an effort. "The greatest sorrow your father has, Master Digby, is that he thinks you have no spirit in you—that you're a molly-cot. As he said one day to Mr. Cleremont, 'You must teach him every thing, he has no "go" in himself: there's nothing in his nature but what somebody else put into it.'"

"He never said that!"

"I pledge you my oath he did."

"Well, if he did, he meant it very differently from what you do."

"There's no two meanings to it. There's a cheer!" cried he, running over to the window and flinging it wide. "I wonder who's come now? Oh, it's the fire-works are beginning."

"I'll go down," said I, but out of what process of reasoning came that resolve I am unable to tell.

"Maybe they won't be glad to see you!" cried he, as he helped me on with my jacket and arranged the heron's feathers in my velvet cap. I was half faltering in my resolution, when I bethought me of that charge of feebleness of character Nixon had reported to me, and I determined, come what might, I could show that I had a will and could follow it. In less than five minutes after, I was standing under the trees in the garden shaking hands with scores of people I never saw before, and receiving the very politest of compliments and good wishes from very pretty lips, aided by very expressive eyes.

"Here's Mademoiselle Pauline Delorme refuses to dance with me," cried Eccles, "since she has seen the head of the house. Digby, let me present you." And with this he led me up to a very beautiful girl, who, though only the daughter of a celebrated Restaurateur of Brussels, might have been a Princess, so far as look and breeding and elegance were concerned.

"This is to be the correct thing," cried Cleremont. "We open with a quadrille; take your partners, gentlemen, and to your places."

Nothing can be more perfectly proper and decorous than this dance. It is possible, perhaps, that we exceeded a little on the score of reverential observances: we bowed and courtesied at every imaginable opportunity, and with an air of homage that smacked of a court; and if we did raise our eyes to each other, as we recovered from the obeisance, it was with a look of the softest and most subdued deference. I really began to think that the only hoydenish people I had ever seen were ladies and gentlemen. As for Eccles, he wore an air of almost reverential gravity, and Hotham was sternly composed. At last, however, we came to the finish, and Cleremont, clapping his hands thrice, called out *grande ronde;* and taking his partner's arm within his own, led off at a galop; the music striking up one of Strauss's wildest, quickest strains. Away he went down an alley, and we all after him, stamping and laughing like mad. The sudden revulsion from the quiet of the moment before was electric; no longer arm in arm, but with arms close clasped around the waist, away we went over the smooth turf with a wild delight to which the music imparted a thrilling ecstasy. Now through the dense shade we broke into a blaze of light, where a great buffet stood; and round this we all swarmed at once, and glasses were filled with Champagne, and vivas shouted again and again; and I heard that my health was toasted, and a very sweet voice—the lips were on my ear—whispered I know not what, but it sounded very like wishing me joy and love, while others were deafening me about long life and happiness.

I do not remember—I do not want to remember—all the nonsense I talked, and with a volubility quite new to me; my brain felt on fire with a sort of wild ecstasy; and as homage and deference met me at every step, my every wish acceded to, and each fancy that struck me hailed at once as bright inspiration, no wonder was it if I lost myself in a perfect ocean of bliss. I told Pauline she should be the queen of the fête, and ordered a splendid wreath of flowers to be brought, which I placed upon her brows, and saluted her with her title, amidst the cheering shouts of willing toasters. Except to make a tour of a waltz or a polka with some one I knew, I would not permit her to dance with any but myself; and she, I must say, most graciously submitted to the tyranny, and seemed to delight in the extravagant expressions of my admiration for her.

If I was madly jealous of her, I felt the most overwhelming delight in the praises bestowed upon her beauty and her gracefulness. Perhaps the consciousness that I was a mere boy, and that thus a freedom might be used toward me that would have been reprehensible with one older, led her to treat me with a degree of intimacy that was positively captivating; and before our third waltz was over I was calling her Pauline, and she calling me Digby, like old friends.

"Isn't that boy of Norcott's going it to-night?" I heard a man say as I swung past in a polka, and I turned fiercely to catch the speaker's eye, and show him I meant to call him to book.

"Eh, Eccles, your pupil is a credit to you!" cried another.

"I'm a Dutchman if that fellow doesn't rival his father."

"He'll be far and away beyond him," muttered another; "for he has none of Norcott's crotchets—he's a scamp 'pur et simple.'"

"Where are you breaking away from me, Digby?" said Pauline, as I tried to shake myself free of her.

"I want to follow those men. I have a word to say to them."

"You shall do no such thing, dearest," muttered she. "You have just told me I am to be your little wife, and I'm not going to see my husband rushing into a stupid quarrel."

"And you are mine, then," cried I; "and you will wear this ring as a betrothal? Come, let me take off your glove."

"That will do, Digby: that's quite enough for courtesy, and a little too much for deference," whispered Eccles in my ear; for I was kissing her hand about a hundred times over, and she laughed at my raptures as an excellent joke. "I think you'd better lead the way to supper."

Secretly resolving that I would soon make very short work of Mr. Eccles and his admonitions, I gave him a haughty glance and moved on. I remember very little more than that I walked to the head of the table and placed Pauline on my right. I know I made some absurd speech in return for their drinking my health, and spoke of *us*, and what *we*—Pauline and myself—felt, and with what pleasure we should see our friends often around us, and a deal of that tawdry trash that comes into a brain addled with noise and heated with wine. I was frequently interrupted; uproarious cheers at one moment would break forth, but still louder laughter would ring out and convulse the whole assembly. Even addled and confused as I was, I could see that some were my partisans and friends, who approved of all I said, and wished me to give free course to my feelings; and there were others—two or three—who tried to stop me: and one actually said aloud, "If that boy of Norcott's is not suppressed we shall have no supper."

Recalled to my dignity as a host by this impertinence, I believe I put some restraint on my eloquence, and I now addressed myself to do the honors of the table. Alas! my attentions seldom strayed beyond my lovely neighbor, and I firmly believed that none could remark the rapture with which I gazed on her, or as much as suspected that I had never quitted the grasp of her hand from the moment we sat down.

"I think you'd better let Mademoiselle dance the cotillon with the Count Vauglas," whispered Eccles in my ear.

"And why, Sir?" rejoined I, half fiercely.

"I think you might guess," said he, with a smile; "at least you could if you were to get up."

"And would she—would Pauline—I mean, would Mademoiselle Delorme—approve of this arrangement?"

"No, Monsieur Digby, not if it did not come from you. We shall sit in the shade yonder for half an hour or so, and then, when you are rested, we'll join the cotillon."

"Get that boy off to bed, Eccles," said Cleremont, who did not scruple to utter the words aloud.

I started up to make an indignant rejoinder; some fierce insult was on my lips; but passion and excitement and wine mastered me, and I sank back on my seat overcome and senseless.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEXT MORNING.

I COULD not awake on the day after the fête. I was conscious that Nixon was making a considerable noise—that he shut and opened doors and windows, splashed the water into my bath, and threw down my boots with an unwonted energy; but through all this consciousness of disturbance I slept on, and was determined to sleep, let him make what uproar he pleased.

"It's nigh two o'clock, Sir!" whispered he in my ear, and I replied by a snort.

"I'm very sorry to be troublesome, Sir; but the master is very impatient; he was getting angry when I went in last time."

These words served to dispel my drowsiness at once, and the mere thought of my father's displeasure acted on me like a strong stimulant.

"Does papa want me?" cried I, sitting up in bed; "did you say papa wanted me?"

"Yes, Sir," said a deep voice; and my father entered the room, dressed for the street, and with his hat on.

"You may leave us," said he to Nixon; and as the man withdrew my father took a chair and sat down close to my bedside.

"I have sent three messages to you this morning," said he, gravely, "and am forced at last to come myself."

I was beginning my apologies, when he stopped me, and said, "That will do; I have no wish to be told why you overslept yourself; indeed, I have already heard more on that score than I care for."

He paused, and though perhaps he expected me to say something, I was too much terrified to speak.

"I perceive," said he, "you understand me; you apprehend that I know of your doings of last night, and that any attempt at excuse is hopeless. I have not come here to reproach you for your misconduct; I reproach myself for a mistaken estimate of you; I ought to have known—and if you had been a horse I would have known—that your cross-breeding would tell on you. The bad drop was sure to betray itself. I will not dwell on this, nor have I time. Your conduct last night makes my continued residence here impossible. I can not continue in a city where my tradespeople have become my guests, and where the honors of my house have been extended to my tailor and my butcher. I shall leave this, therefore, as soon as I can conclude my arrangements to sell this place; you must quit it at once. Eccles will be ready to start with you this evening for the Rhine, and then for the interior of Germany—I suspect Weimar will do. He will be paymaster, and you will conform to his wishes strictly as regards expense. Whether you study or not, whether you employ your time profitably and creditably, or whether you pass it in indolence, is a matter that completely regards yourself. As for me, my conscience is acquitted when I provide you with the means of acquirement, and I no more engage you to benefit by these advantages than I do to see you eat the food that is placed before you. The compact that unites us enjoins distinct duties from each. You need not write to me till I desire you to do so; and when I think it proper we should meet I will tell you."

If, while he spoke these harsh words to me, the slightest touch of feeling—had one trace of even sorrow crossed his face—my whole heart would have melted at once, and I would have thrown myself at his feet for forgiveness. There was, however, a something so pitiless in his tone, and a look so full of scorn in his steadfast eye, that every sentiment of pride within me—that same pride I inherited from himself—stimulated me to answer him, and I said, boldly: "If the people I saw here last night were not as well born as your habitual guests, Sir, I'll venture to say there was nothing in their manner or deportment to be ashamed of."

"I am told that Mlle. Pauline Delorme was charming," said he; and the sarcasm of his glance covered me with shame and confusion. He had no need to say more: I could not utter a word.

"This is a topic I will not discuss with you, Sir," said he, after a pause. "*I* intended you to be a gentleman, and to live with gentlemen. *Your* tastes incline differently, and I make no opposition to them. As I have told you already, I was willing to launch you into life: I'll not engage to be your pilot. Any interest I take, or could take in you, must be the result of your own qualities. These have not impressed me strongly up to this; and were I to judge by what I have seen, I should send you back to those you came from."

"Do so, then, if it will only give me back the nature I brought away with me!" cried I, passionately; and my throat swelled till I felt almost choked with emotion.

"That nature," said he, with a sneer on the word, "was costumed, if I remember right, in a linen blouse and a pair of patched shoes, and I believe they have been preserved along with some other family relics."

I bethought me at once of the tower and its humble furniture, and a sense of terror overcame me, that I was in presence of one who could cherish hate with such persistence.

"The fumes of your last night's debauch are some excuse for your bad manners, Sir," said he, rising. "I leave you to sleep them off; only remember that the train starts at eight this evening, and it is my desire you do not miss it."

With this he left me. I arose at once and proceeded to dress. It was slow proceeding, for I would often stop and sit down to think what course would best befit me to take at this moment. At one instant it seemed to me I ought to follow him, and declare that the splendid slavery in which I lived had no charm for me—that the faintest glimmering of self-respect and independence was more my ambition than all the luxuries that surrounded me; and when I had resolved I would do this, a sudden dread of his presence—his eye, that I could never face without shrinking—the tones of his voice, that smote me like a lash—so abashed me that I gave up the effort with despair.

Might he not consent to give me some pittance, enough to save her from the burden of my support, and send me back to my mother? Oh, if I could summon courage to ask this! This assistance need be continued only for a few years, for I hoped and believed I should not even have to live as a dependent. What if I were to write him a few lines to this purport. I could do this even better than speak it.

I sat down at once and began.

"Dear papa"—he would never permit me to use a more endearing word. "Dear papa, I hope you will forgive me troubling you about myself and my future. I would like to fit myself for some career or calling by which I might become independent. I could work very hard and study very closely if I were back with my mother."

As I reached this far the door opened and Eccles appeared.

"All right!" cried he; "I was afraid I should catch you in bed still, and I'm glad you're up and preparing for the road. Are you nearly ready?"

"Not quite; I wanted to write a letter before I go. I was just at it."

"Write from Verviers or Bonn; you'll have lots of time on the road."

"Ay, but my letter might save me from the journey if I sent it off now!"

He looked amazed at this, and I at once told him my plan and showed him what I had written.

"You don't mean to say you'd have courage to send this to your father?"

"And why not?"

"Well, all I have to say is, don't do it till I'm off the premises; for I'd not be here when he reads it for a trifle. My dear Digby," said he, with a changed tone, "you don't know Sir Roger; you don't know the violence of his temper if he imagines himself what he calls outraged, which sometimes means questioned. Take your hat and stick, and go seek your fortune, in Heaven's name, if you must; but don't set out on your life's journey with a curse or a kick, or possibly both. If I preach patience, my dear boy, I have had to practice it, too. Put up your traps in your portmanteau. Come down and take some dinner. We'll start with the night-train; and take my word for it, we'll have a jolly ramble and enjoy ourselves heartily. If I know any thing of life, it is that there's no such mistake in the world as hunting up annoyances. Let them find us if they can; but let us never run after them."

"My heart is too heavy for such enjoyment as you talk of."

"It won't be so to-morrow, or, at all events, the day after. Come, stir yourself now with your packing; a thought has just struck me that you'll be very grateful to me for when I tell it you."

"What is it?" asked I, half carelessly.

"You must ask with another guess-look in your eye if you expect me to tell you."

"You could tell me nothing that would gladden me."

"Nor propose any thing that you'd like?" asked he.

"Nor that either," said I, despondingly.

"Oh, if that be the case, I give up my project; not that it was much of a project after all. What I was going to suggest was, that instead of dining here, we should put our traps into a cab, and drive down to Delorme's, and have a pleasant little dinner there, in the garden; it's quite close to the railroad, so that we could start at the last whistle."

"That does sound pleasantly," said I; "there's nothing more irksome in its way than hanging about a station waiting for departure."

"So then you agree?" cried he, with a malicious twinkle in his eye that I affected not to understand.

"Yes," said I, indolently; "I see little against it; and if nothing else, it saves me a leave-taking with Captain Hotham and Cleremont."

"By-the-way, you are not to ask to see Madame; your father reminded me to tell you this. The doctors say she is not to be disturbed on any account. What a chance that I did not forget this!"

Whether it was that I was too much concerned for my own misfortunes to have a thought that was not selfish, or that another leave-taking that loomed in the distance was uppermost in my thoughts, certain it is I felt this privation far less acutely than I might.

"She's a nice little woman, and deserves a better lot than she has met with."

"What sort of dinner will Delorme give us?" said I, affecting the air of a man about town, but in reality throwing out the bait to lead the talk in that direction.

"First-rate, if we let him; that is, if we only say, Order dinner for us, Monsieur Pierre. There's no man understands such a mandate more thoroughly."

"Then that's what I shall say," cried I, "as I cross his threshold."

"He'll serve you Madeira with your soup, and Steinberger with your fish, thirty francs a bottle, each of them."

"Be it so. We shall drink to our pleasant journey," said I, and I actually thought my voice had caught the tone and cadence of my father's as I spoke.

CHRISTMAS VOICES.

VOICES of the belfry height,
  Pealing forth your merry chimes,
Sound upon the winter night,
  Melodies of Christmas times.
As of old, the yule-log bring,
  Bind the holly round the hall;
At the gate the minstrels sing
  Messages of peace to all.

Chorus.

Voices of the belfry height,
  Pealing forth your merry chimes,
Sound upon the winter night,
  Melodies of Christmas times,
  Melodies of Christmas times.

Voices of the Christmas morn,
  Calling to the sleeping West,
Ere the crimson light is born,
  And the stars are gone to rest,
Wake the traveler who lies,
  Lost upon the frozen earth;
Underneath the snowy skies,
  Dreaming of a Christmas hearth.

Chorus.

Voices of the belfry height,
  Pealing forth your merry chimes,
Sound upon the winter night,
  Melodies of Christmas times.

Voices of the Christmas-day,
  May your echoes never cease,
As the seasons pass away,
  Heralding a world's increase.
Through the mysteries of years,
  Stands alone the Truth divine;
Through the clouds of darkest fears,
  Starlike, will it ever shine.

Chorus.

Voices of the belfry height,
  Pealing forth your merry chimes,
Sound upon the winter night,
  Melodies of Christmas times.

THE SHORTNESS OF TIME.

"LIVE as long as you may, the first twenty years of your life is the longest half of it:"—this was said by one of our modern writers, and I doubt whether any thing more true was ever said by any man.

Don't you find—you that have reached middle life, and you that are approaching middle life—that time passes much more quickly than it used to pass? Don't you find, when the evening comes and the day's work is over, that it seems only a few moments since the day's work began? You may have been very busy; but when you return home to your children it appears a very short time since you left them in the morning. Of course there are exceptional seasons, as when health is bad, or when a heavy grief presses on you; but, on the whole, is it not now a subject of constant remark that the days pass with incredible rapidity?

And don't you remember when the case was very different? Don't you remember how long the day used to be, when you yourself were a child—what a crowd of delightful interests multiplied and diversified the hours—and how extensive the prospect was when you looked toward the future? The fact is, you and your children are living lives of different lengths in the same space of time. The day is far longer to them than to you. They feel as if time would never end. You feel, when you think of it, as if its beginning and its ending were almost the same. When they lay their little heads on the pillow, weary with their twelve hours' play—their toys broken—their excitement about trifles at an end—their merry laugh, their eager quarrels, at length brought to a pause—those twelve hours have made, to them, a very large period in their existence. Your toys too, perhaps, are broken—you too may have been occupied with trifles—your laughter may have been thoughtless—your quarrels inconsiderate—but your longer, your more responsible day, has been far shorter than theirs.

It might not be very difficult to explain this. Our sense of the lapse of time does not depend entirely, or even chiefly, on the duration of the time itself. When impressions are vivid, forcible, and fresh the time seems long. When the events of our lives are monotonous and uniform—if only meanwhile we are in diligent occupation—the time seems short. Any man may test this for himself by comparing passages of his own experience. The first few days spent in a new place are longer than those that succeed them: but soon the novelty is past; and then the stream moves on, quietly and rapidly as before. And no one, on the other side, needs to be reminded that days of anxiety and watching, when the mind is consciously on the stretch, are frightfully long. At the battle of Waterloo, for instance, can you not imagine, if you remember the circumstances of that engagement, how different was the length of that summer day to the great captain, on the one hand, on whom rested all the suspense and responsibility, and to some private soldier in the ranks, on the other, actively occupied, and with nothing to think of but to be prompt and to obey?

How desirable then to make sure of doing something in the present which really will bear good fruit in the future!

"Ah me!
There is no rest:
Our Time is fleeing:
What rein can curb our headstrong hours?
They post away: they pass, we know not how:
Our Now is gone before we can say Now:
Time past and future's none of ours:
That hath as yet no being,
And this hath ceased to be:
What is, is only ours: how short a time have we!"

CURIOUS CUSTOM OF THE GREEK CHURCH IN RUSSIA.

THERE is a very curious custom observed by the Greek Church throughout Russia, which we illustrate on page 4. It is the baptism at Christmas of the patron saint. Each village and each city has its particular patron. In the larger towns the ceremony is performed by a bishop. A cross is cut in the ice, and the patron saint, represented by a carved wooden effigy, is baptized in the manner represented in our cut. In the instance illustrated a bishop is performing the ceremony. It is a curious custom, and shows the tendency so manifest in the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches to please the people with shows.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE week before and after Christmas is most emphatically *toy-time.* The shops overflow with every possible and impossible thing, which by any chance would please or amuse a child. The amount of inventive ingenuity expended on children's toys is wonderful—to say nothing of the amount of cash annually expended in *buying* them. A great many of these articles for juvenile amusement come from Germany, France, and Switzerland: but in our own country the manufacture of toys is becoming an extensive business; and the inventor of many a simple plaything has made his fortune. Notwithstanding the entreaties of quiet-loving mammas, boys will persist in liking any thing that makes a noise, no matter how horrible that noise may be. Consequently the two hundred thousand toy-drums, which are said to be made every month in the city of Paris, are scarcely enough to supply the demand, and the six Parisian manufactories of brass trumpets are driven with work. Girls, on the contrary, are never so happy as when they have a whole family of dolls, which they can dress and undress, instruct and discipline, love, pet, and be displeased with—all of which they do in most motherly fashion. Sometimes, to be sure, they aspire to something more lifelike than even speaking and walking dolls, as did a little six-year-old, who, when very desirous of going to play with a little cousin, was told that she must amuse herself with her doll instead. "But, mamma," said the child, "my doll can't run out doors when I tell her not to."

It is a good thing to brighten the lives of children; and their joy is, or should be, the joy of the whole household. The Christmas toys are to most children the objects of the fondest anticipation, and are received with the most eager delight. Yet we often make a great mistake in the selection. Children want playthings which will give *them* something to do—the more the better, if within their capacity. A hoop that moves by machinery will not amuse so long as the ordinary hoop and stick, which calls every muscle into activity. A jack-knife and some suitable wood to whittle, or a box of tools, will not only develop, but *amuse* most boys far more than many an intricate but automatic toy. And every mother knows that her little girl takes infinitely more comfort in making a "baby" out of a pillow, and dressing it up in old hats and shawls, than in any thing she can do with the wax beauty, whose fine garments are soiled by childish handling, and whose arms and legs are broken if it falls. Let the children have sensible toys, which will give their opening faculties something to do, which are not too nice to use, and which will not instill into their tender minds any extravagant or unwholesome ideas.

Some protection against burglars is highly desirable, but revolvers are not always the best safeguard. A week or two ago, a farmer living near St. Joseph, Missouri, heard intruders at his front-door about midnight. He had money in the house, and attempts had been previously made by burglars to enter his premises. Armed with a revolver, he went toward the door, but judging by the sound that the invaders were retreating, he started to return to his bedroom. Meantime his wife had left the bed and was standing at the window looking out for the thieves. Her husband, supposing that she was still in bed, and seeing a human form at the window, concluded at once that it was a burglar about to enter the window, and, without challenging, drew his revolver and fired. A scream from his wife soon brought him the knowledge that he had shot her. The wound, though a very dangerous one, will probably not be fatal; but the husband was nearly frantic at his sad mistake.

On Sunday evening of last week Dr. J. T. Boynton delivered a lecture on the Bible, at the Cooper Institute. At the close of the lecture the lights in the hall were turned off, and on a large screen on the platform appeared, in rapid succession, pictures illustrative of scenes in the Bible and of places, persons, and things connected with religion in various parts of the world.

A suggestion has been made more than once, and from different sources, that some arrangement be made whereby public reading-rooms and libraries may be opened on the Sabbath and on holidays. There are probably thousands of young men in our city who have no home comforts. They are able, perhaps, to pay for a bare lodging-place, but not for a warm room, or for gas-light. Is it strange that such seek for a comfortable spot, during the cold winter-time, where they can spend their spare hours? And if there are not enough respectable places where they can be warm, and also have some occupation, they will go elsewhere. Intoxication, vagrancy, and crime of all kinds would be diminished, especially on the Sabbath, if there were more pleasant rooms open to those who are homeless and often friendless.

George Peabody has made another donation of one hundred thousand pounds sterling to the poor of London.

An English gentleman has issued a volume which he calls "A Clear and Easy Guide to the Art of Making English Verse." What an avalanche of poets will this develop before January 1870!

The infanta of Spain is of small and delicate stature, exceedingly pale, and very youthful in appearance. Her eyes are large and very soft, without the smallest reminiscence of the fire which now flashes from those of her royal mother. Her hair is of the dimmest hue of chestnut, and folded around her head in a double rouleau, which has become the national characteristic of the Spanish women. The Count Girgenti, her husband, is of cold, determined aspect, of middle height, and dark in complexion. The pallor of his visage makes the black mustache and *royale* he wears, according to the fashion of some seven years ago, appear even darker than in reality.

An example of the wondrous manner in which human life is preserved amidst great danger was lately afforded at the works of an edge-tool maker in Wolverhampton, England. One important branch of edge-tool making is the grinding, which gives the polish and the edge to the implements manufactured. The grindstones are of large size, generally from two to three tons, and revolve, by means of steam, with very great velocity. The grinder sits upon a "horse," a long plank of oak, which is slightly inclined toward the face of the stone to enable him to press the implements against it. This "horse" is secured to the ground by strong chains. The great danger is the breaking of the stone, when from the great velocity at which it revolves the broken pieces are cast about with most destructive force. On the occasion referred to three grinders were at work in the shop, one by name Clark, working at a new stone weighing about two tons. All at once Clark's stone split into three parts. One piece, weighing about nine hundred-weight, flew up before his face, caught the brim of his hat, and knocked it off his head, the stone crashing the roof and bringing it down. A second piece of stone of equal weight at the same moment shot past another workman, almost touching him, and the next second the half of the stone remaining fell with such force against the "horse" upon which Clark was sitting as to send it flying at an angle from his seat up through the broken and fallen roof, and in a second he found himself, in the most remarkable manner, standing upon the wall which separates the shop from the street. The shop was in ruins, but Clark was found safe upon the wall, and the other workmen, though buried beneath the fallen roof, were uninjured. Such occurrences are frequent, and grinders are often fearfully injured, but seldom have any so wonderously escaped.

In a sermon delivered by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher a week or two ago, he remarked that a man must produce something, must do something toward benefiting the condition of his fellow-man, in order to fulfill in some measure the ends for which he was created. How many men and women apply this simple test to their ordinary avocations?

According to a traveler on the Union Pacific Railroad, there is no danger of starving in the far West at present. He says that when the train stopped at Laramie they passed over a platform into a large hotel. The dining-room was in readiness for the two hundred passengers that crowded into it, but nothing was to be seen until a door opened and the waiters paraded into the room with military step and took their places, as in a first-class city hotel.

"What will you have, Sir?"

"What have you got?"

"Bear, buffalo, antelope, brook-trout—"

"Stop!" cried the traveler. "Give me those as far as you've got."

Another terrible kerosene accident. Only a very short time ago a mother and two children were burned to death at Sing Sing in consequence of the falling of a lighted lamp filled with kerosene. In this more recent case, in Brooklyn, a Mrs. M'Ginness was dusting the mantle-piece and knocked over a lamp filled with kerosene. It fell upon a hot stove, and breaking, the fluid ignited, and spattering over her dress, set it on fire, enveloping her almost instantly in one sheet of flame. Her husband and daughter came to her assistance, and their clothing also caught fire. All were terribly burned, and the result is uncertain.

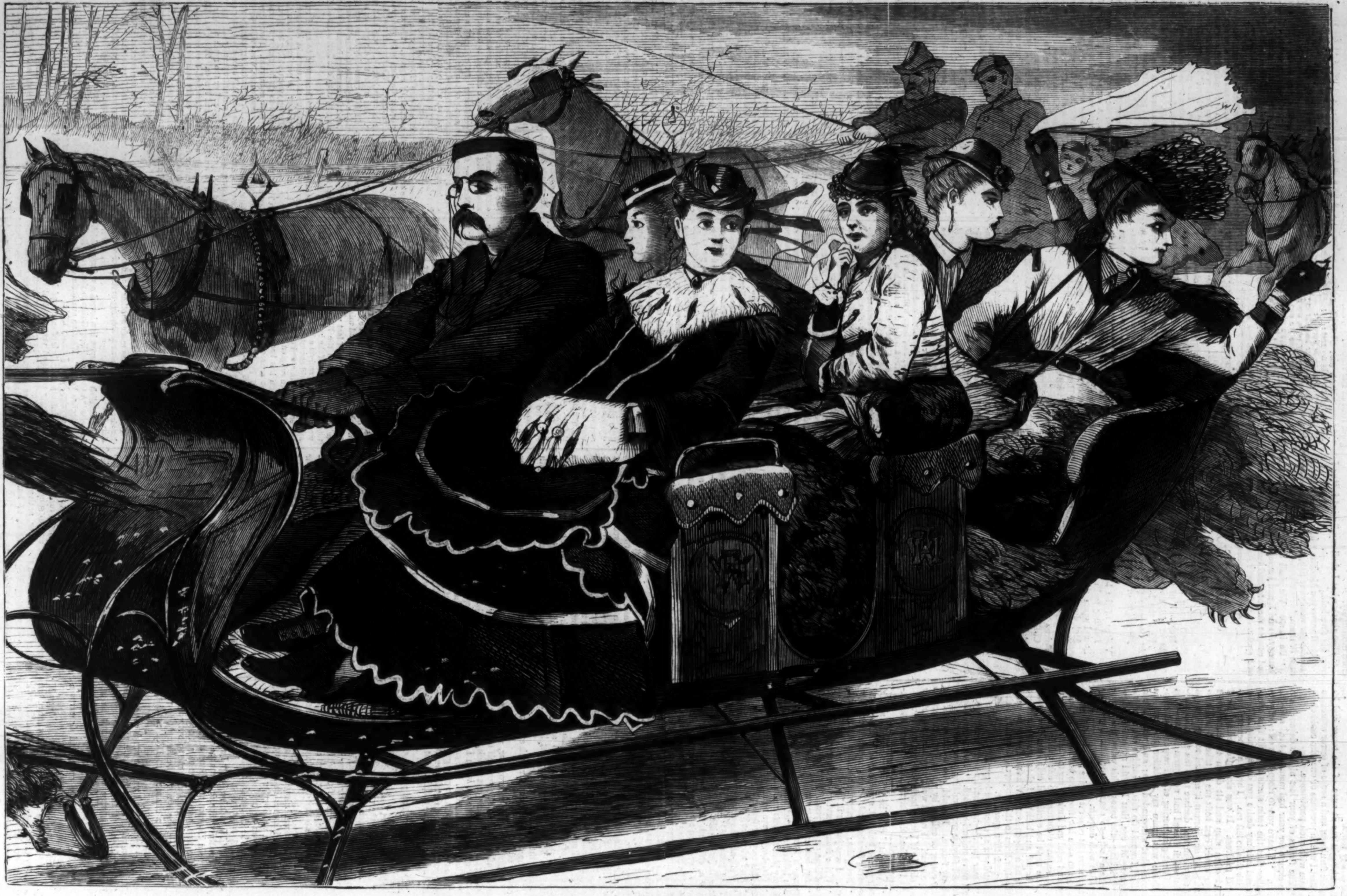
The funeral of Baron Rothschild is said to have been one of the most remarkable which ever occurred in Paris. An immense crowd surrounded the residence of the deceased throughout the entire day. Orders had been given that every poor person who solicited charity should receive a Napoleon, and not less than fifteen thousand men, women, and children made application. The preparations for the burial were attended with the greatest simplicity, but the procession embraced about ten thousand persons, while more than twenty thousand attended the reception by the relatives.

Rossini's funeral, also, was attended by a great concourse of people. The religious service was solemnized in the new Church of the Trinity, and the music on the occasion is said to have been most impressive. Nilsson, Alboni, Patti, Gardoni—with singers like these interpreting the choicest music, on such an occasion, no wonder that the effect produced was almost electric, and many were affected to tears.

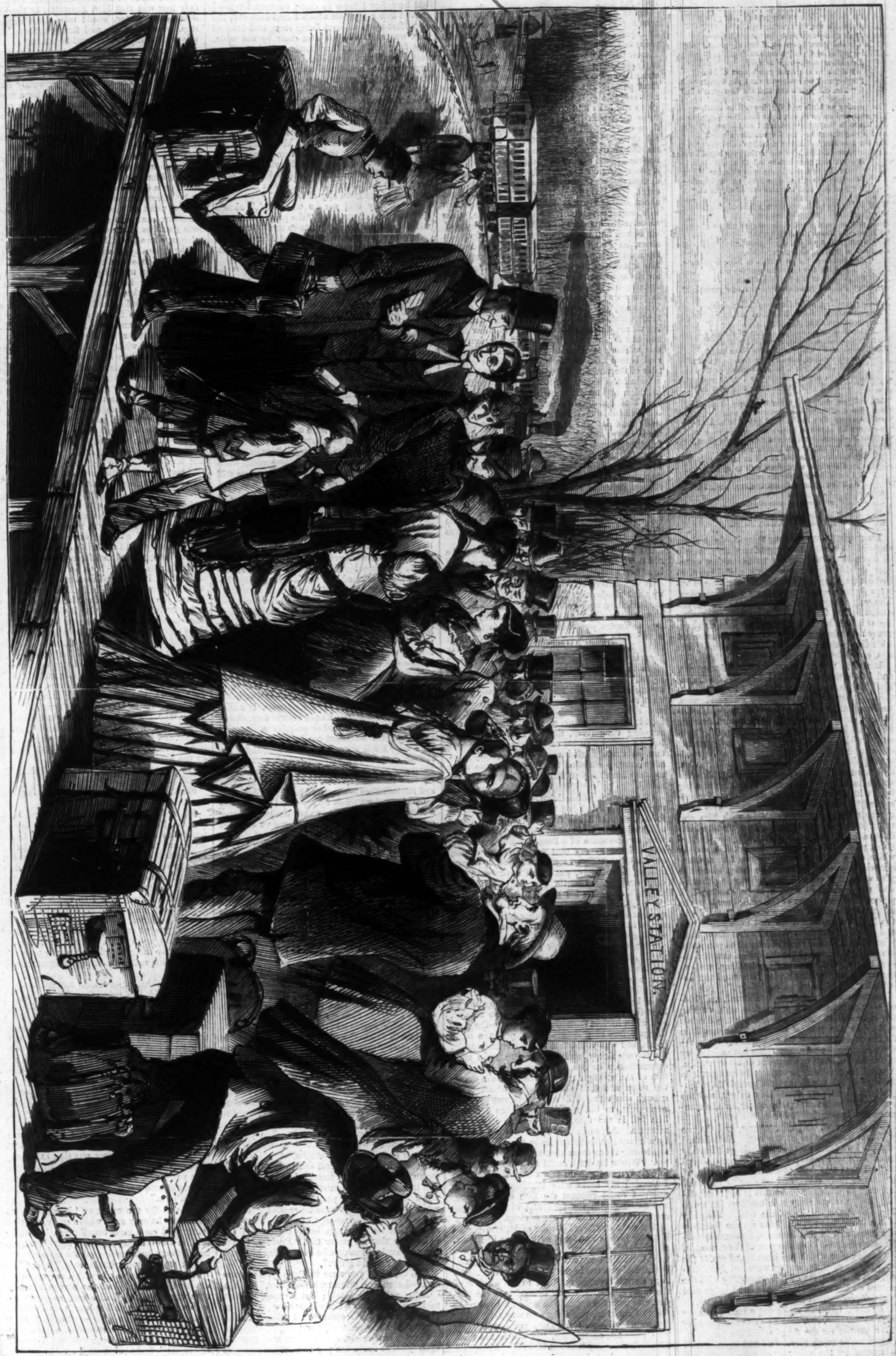
Not long since a gentleman of Cincinnati went to Indianapolis to marry one of the belles of the latter city. He obtained the license and presented the magic document to his lady love, who put it away for safe-keeping. The ceremony was to take place in the evening, and the pair to set out at once on a journey by cars. In order to avoid needless care of baggage the trunks were previously dispatched by express. The clergyman arrived, and the twain stood up to be made one; but the license was demanded. Whereupon the bridegroom referred to the bride, who said it was all right—*she* had the license. But when the clergyman said *he* must see it, she told him it was safely in her trunk! This produced a panic—a duplicate license, however, was hastily obtained, and the marriage ceremony completed in time for the happy couple to follow the trunk and the original license.

This is the way the French manage to avoid rudeness, but what American would ever take the trouble to accomplish such a result? A gentleman from New York, who a few months ago was residing temporarily in Paris, was accustomed to go frequently for breakfast and dinner to a certain restaurant. Every day he noticed there an elderly gentleman, who evidently had little pressing business, for he would apparently while away as much time as possible over his dinner and his newspaper, and then not unfrequently take a nap. One day, however, he got rather too much sleep; he began to *snore*—louder and louder. Those at tables in the vicinity were at first amused, then annoyed, and finally rather indignant as the sonorous sound continued to increase. The head waiter of the restaurant, seeing how matters stood, took a cracked goblet from the shelf, and going to the table next to the sleeping gentleman, began busily to rearrange the glass and china upon it. Presently, with a sudden crash, something fell to the floor (it was the cracked goblet, of course) broken into a hundred fragments. "Pardon, Monsieur," exclaimed the waiter as the startled sleeper, now thoroughly aroused, sat upright, and gazed at the débris at his feet. But the nap was ended for that day, though the somnolent gentleman believed himself to have been awakened by a mere accident.

The climate of Prince Edward Island is exceedingly salubrious, and, if reports are correct, the place is almost distressingly quiet. A visitor there asked a resident: "What are your politics here? What do you quarrel about?" "We have no politics," he said—and he spoke the truth. He asked a physician: "What are your prevailing diseases here?" "We have none," he said—and he spoke the truth.



CHRISTMAS BELLES.—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]


VALLEY STATION.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

I HAVE turned the lights of my chamber low,
And wheeled my chair to the grate's dim glow;
And now, while the darkened city tells
The night's mid-watch from its steeple-bells—
While the sad guns boom for a fleeting ghost,
I lift my goblet and pledge my toast:
Le roi est mort—vive le roi;
I drink to the dead year's next of kin.
Parting and welcome—so runs the world;
"The old year's out and the new year's in."

The greeting to birth and the farewell to death—
The *vale* and *salve* in one light breath—
Ah, not with the same glad heart and brow
As I spoke them once do I speak them now!
For the blood of youth has a warmth divine,
And the toast should be grave o'er the gray-beard's wine:
We toil and plan but to fail at last,
And life is a wearisome web to spin,
Where the shuttle of time goes back and forth—
"The old year out and the new year in."

What riches they left me, those vanished years,
What treasure of splendid souvenirs!
Each one, as he passed to the mighty gloom
Of Eternity's unsurrendering tomb,
Would point to a palace, dazzling-fair,
By a sea of dreams, on a coast of air,
And murmur, "This wealth of hope is thine—
Thine for the future to grandly win!"
Oh, merrily in my youth I drank
"The old years out and the new years in!"

Are they reachlessly lost from my fading sight,
Those marvelous palaces, height on height—
Mistily spacious, delicate, proud,
With star-seeking spires and domes of cloud?
No; stript of all splendor, seen faint and ill,
The phantoms of phantoms, I view them still!
Yet vaguer they loom as the seasons speed;
Who knows but their ruins to vapor thin
Shall have melted at last, ere I drink once more
"The old year out and the new year in?"

Well, well, we shall find those fair hopes, it may be,
That have died before us immortal as we,
And some day life's tear-blotted pages behold,
Re-written by angels in letters of gold!
Peal, bells—boom, guns, for the dead year's ghost,
While I lift my goblet and pledge my toast:
We toil and plan but to fail at last,
And life is a wearisome web to spin;
But some day the shuttle *must* cease to move,
And the labor end, and the rest begin!

THE BARRISTER.

I REGRET to say that my story is of the shop, shoppy! I use the word regret advisedly, weighed down by the melancholy reflection that somehow or other, whenever I am called upon to make myself agreeable and entertaining, I always fly to professional sources for inspiration. The only excuse I can offer upon the present occasion is that this particular railway, conveying me as it does round circuit twice a year, awakens many reminiscences, one of which, connected with the Spring assizes at Reading some years ago, comes back forcibly to my mind.

It was in the earlier days of my Bar career, and briefs were far from being as plentiful as blackberries in autumn—in fact, I had begun seriously to contemplate pawning my wig and gown, and emigrating with the proceeds to British Columbia, or to some equally distant and desolate locality. Fortunately for me and society generally, which sooner or later must recognize my distinguished merits by placing me on the woolsack, I abandoned the idea of British Columbia, and went to Reading. A beneficent fate rewarded me for my courage in the shape of a big brief with a small fee, to defend two men for conspiring to cheat a young gentleman, with more money than brains, by gambling with him and using loaded dice. It was a case that had excited a good deal of interest in the neighborhood, partly from the very remarkable way in which the cheat had been discovered by a stranger who happened to be in the room where the play was going on, and who, suspecting that all was not right, had with a large carving-fork pinned the hand of one of the conspirators to the table. Underneath it, sure enough, were found the loaded dice, which he had manipulated up and down his sleeve so skillfully that the verdant youth found himself some five hundred pounds to the bad. As counsel for the defendants the aspect of the case was far from inviting, and, as the very beery solicitor who instructed me observed, "It looked uncommon fishy."

In that remark I entirely concurred, and folded up the papers with a hopeless sigh, cursing the ill-luck that always brought me the deadest cases. In the present instance there was little for me to do but to sit by and hold my tongue—a process, by-the-way, any thing but satisfactory to one fond of hearing the sound of his own voice. Apart from professional regrets, I could not help feeling that this precious pair of rascals thoroughly deserved all they were likely to get, and the longer they were shut up the better for the community at large.

The trial came on in due course, and the two prisoners were placed at the bar. As I looked at them I was much struck by their gentlemanly appearance and dress; but then I remembered that all that was part of the stock-in-trade of persons of their class, and turning to my brief prepared to do battle. As this is but a subsidiary portion of my story it is needless for me to linger over the details of the trial. They say that a lucky fate often follows on the footsteps of rogues, and in this instance, by some unpardonable carelessness on the part of the constable, the loaded dice which had been found under the hand of one of the prisoners were not forthcoming, and after a great deal of wrangling with the counsel on the other side, the learned judge said that the prosecution in not producing it had, in his opinion, failed to make out a sufficient case to go to the jury, and that he must therefore direct a verdict for the acquittal of the prisoners. They were as much astonished and overpowered as myself by the unexpected turn things had taken, and with admirable celerity disappeared from the dock.

Some four years afterward I received a very pressing invitation from my old Eton friend, Charlie Forrester, asking me to run down to his place in Devonshire, and spend a few days there. Master Charlie, whose lines had fallen in exceedingly pleasant places, and who at twenty-one had come into a very nice estate and some five thousand pounds annually, after tantalizing all the marriageable girls in the county by refusing to go to the balls and croquet parties, with invitations for which he was pertinaciously pestered from morning till night, had finally taken himself abroad, no one knew whither, and there remained between four and five years. When he returned home again he brought a wife with him, a proceeding on his part which excited general discontent and disapprobation. But Charlie cared very little what the county folks thought about him. He was passionately fond of his wife, and consequently devoted to home, while he occupied his time in regulating the affairs of his estate, and improving the breed of pigs. In short, he found within the limits of his park fence all the amusement and society he required. His attachment for his wife was not surprising, for she was indeed a most lovely and charming woman, full of intelligence and good sense, and in every way fitted to preside over a household. When she and Charlie first met at Pau, she was the governess in an English family that was staying there; their courtship lasted but a few days; and one fine morning they met by appointment, and walking together to the church, were married before breakfast. Violet Danvers had no idea of the position, pecuniary or otherwise, that attached to Charlie, but her life had been full of troubles, and all she knew was that he had been very kind and good to her.

"Friends and relations she had none," she said; and then, as she rested her head against his breast and looked up into his eyes, Charlie felt that Heaven had sent her for him to love and cherish. He told her of his past life, and his wanderings in distant countries, and sought to engage her confidence in return; but she always seemed to avoid all reference to her own past, and would hurriedly turn the conversation into quite another channel. Charlie was not of a suspicious nature, and had far too much love and confidence in his wife to fancy that she was concealing any thing from him.

And so Violet came to her new home—to the old home in which generations of Forresters had lived and died.

It was not so very long after they had taken up their abode at "The Lions" that I received the invitation before alluded to; and as the long vacation had already commenced, and my pecuniary resources were not in a condition to stand a trip even to the sea-side, I thought the best thing I could do was to accept the hospitality that my old friend offered me. A few days more found me comfortably installed at "The Lions," thoroughly enjoying the fresh air and strong exercise that followed, in pleasing contrast to the heated atmosphere of close courts and continuous sitting in dingy chambers. I found Mrs. Forrester a most charming and amusing companion, though I could not help being struck by an air of constraint and reserve that at times settled upon her. A very brief acquaintance satisfied me that there was some mystery attaching to her which she dared not reveal.

One morning at breakfast, Charlie, after reading a letter he had just received by the post, informed us that it was from an old Paris friend of his whom he had met in his traveler days, and who, in pursuance of a long-standing invitation, had written to say that he purposed coming on a visit to "The Lions," and would, without waiting for a reply, put in an appearance that very evening. Charlie was delighted at the prospect of seeing his old acquaintance, and in the course of a walk over the farm he informed me that the name of the coming guest was Murray, and that he was blessed with a great deal more ready wit than ready cash.

"Though he is a bit of an adventurer in his way," said Charlie, "he is a capital fellow, and the best company in the world."

It was very late when the expected guest arrived. Mrs. Forrester had retired to bed some time before. As for Charlie and myself, we kept the new-comer company while he supped, and when he had done ample justice to the good things before him, it being already in the small hours, bed was voted and carried unanimously. I was very sleepy, and beyond uttering a mere commonplace or two had taken little or no notice of the stranger; but when he came across the room and held out his hand, which oddly enough was encased in a light-colored glove of some sort, to bid me good-night, as I looked him full in the face, he seemed to start for a moment. Although his features were hidden by a heavy mustache and huge beard, there was something about them that appeared familiar to me. Where on earth could I have seen him before? When I got up stairs into my bedroom I puzzled my brain with inquiries, but all in vain: I could connect the face with nothing, and nothing with the face, and with that I got angry with myself and went to sleep.

The next morning I awoke early, and feeling a strong inclination for a walk before breakfast, tumbled headlong into my cold tub, and in a very short time after had completed my "toilette," and was out in the glorious fresh air. An hour's stroll brought me back to the window of the breakfast-room, which opened into the garden, and with the appetite of a tiger I was on the point of entering, when my step was arrested by the sound of Mrs. Forrester's voice, tremulous with emotion, exclaiming, "Say it is not true! for pity's sake, say it is not true!"

What could this mean? Being of a curious turn—my conduct may have been disgraceful, but hereafter I hope to stand excused for it—I moved into a position where I could see into the breakfast-room without being seen, and hear all that was said. In an arm-chair by the table, her face buried in her hands, and her elbows resting on her knees, Mrs. Forrester was rocking herself to and fro in a way that showed her to be laboring under deep emotion. Close to her, in a strangely cool and insolent attitude, stood the new-comer of last night, stroking his mustache with his gloved fingers.

"Upon my word, my dear Violet," he replied to her entreaty, with a measured slowness of speech that made me long to kick him, "I regret to say that it is true: Arthur Bernard is no more dead than I am. Like Norval's father, he at the present moment feeds his flocks, not, however, upon the Grampian Hills, but in the neighborhood of the good city of Otago."

"But they told me he was dead," almost shrieked Mrs. Forrester; "the people who were with him when he died wrote to me."

"Wrote to you!" interrupted Murray, with suspicious eagerness. "Have you got the letter?"

"No, I dared not keep it," she replied, "lest it should fall into my husband's hands. Listen," she continued, hurriedly; "he knows nothing of the past—not even of my first marriage—I have kept it all, every thing from him: for pity's sake leave this place, where, save for the thought of that, I have been so happy, and let him remain in ignorance still."

"Gently, Violet, gently!" responded the man, unmoved in the least degree by her appeal: "Firstly, let me observe that, having promised myself a short stay in the country, I can hardly terminate it so abruptly as you desire me; in the next, as in addition to the agreeable change of air, I have met, quite unexpectedly, with an old companion for whom I have been searching ever so many years, and to whom I have a good deal to say, it would be quite impossible to do as you wish."

She made no response, only kept her face still buried in her hands as he went on: "At last, Violet Bernard, the game is in my hands. You laughed at my love, jeered at my protestations of devotion for you, curled up your proud lip at me and dismissed me from your presence with contempt when I asked you to be my wife. I have not forgotten that, and never shall—never, never! But sooner or later you must hear me—mark, you must! Else—" He paused an instant, and continued, "I won't threaten, but remember Arthur Bernard lives!"

At this juncture Charlie entered the room, but not before Mrs. Forrester had had time to collect herself; while Murray, without appearing in the least disconcerted, went on making some commonplace remarks about the weather. As for myself, this interview, of which I had been an unseen spectator, had naturally enough aroused varied emotions, and before putting in an appearance at the breakfast-table I thought it best to take a walk round the garden to indulge in a few moments' reflection. The confession is somewhat humiliating, but I have always been rather fond of interfering in other people's affairs, and in the present instance, having seen and heard all I had, I felt exceedingly reluctant to let the matter drop. The mystery attaching to Mrs. Forrester was not very difficult to unravel—at least in its main feature. As for this Murray, and the influence he appeared to possess over her, I had long since made up my mind that he was a villain who would stoop to any device, however contemptible, to insure the success of any evil enterprise in which he might be engaged. I determined to use every endeavor to defeat him in his present scheme, though let it not be for a moment supposed that any heroics were mixed up in this resolve. I looked upon the whole matter rather as a game of chess, in which by hook or by crook I must checkmate my adversary. When I reached the breakfast-room, the trio seemed on the best possible terms one with another—Charlie cheerful and unsuspicious as ever, Mrs. Forrester playing nervously with a tiny piece of toast, which she made pretense to eat, but never touched, and Murray eating and talking with equal earnestness.

"Oh yes," he said, as I came in, "your wife and I, Charlie, have discovered that we are old acquaintances. Curious, isn't it? Wheels within wheels! What fools we are to fancy our world to be such a huge place!"

I looked at his face as I sat down at the table more closely than I ever had before, and again the old thought of last night came back to me. Then my eyes involuntarily settled on his hands; they were still encased in light gloves. I do not know what it was that prompted me, but joining in the conversation, I said, "You are quite right: I often tumble across people I never expected to see again—mere passing acquaintances. Do you know," I continued, "last night when you arrived I fancied we had met before, though then you had no beard and mustache."

I could have sworn, and did to myself at the moment, that his hand trembled as he raised his cup to his lips; but a moment after, as he set it down again, he was perfectly calm and cool, while in a nonchalant tone he replied, "I must say you have the advantage of me, as I am not aware that we ever met before; indeed I am quite sure that we never did. Besides, I have worn a beard and mustache ever since either one or the other would grow."

"Why, when you were in Paris, you were as clean-shaven as a priest on a feast-day," burst in Charlie, quite innocently; but Murray, without taking any notice of the observation, turned to Mrs. Forrester, and commenced talking to her about something quite different.

Slowly, but surely, a conviction was growing upon me that made me pay considerable respect to my impressions of the night before, and determined me to be more watchful than ever. M only fear was that Mrs. Forrester, in the weak ness of her terror, would take some despera step, when after all, as I firmly believed, the was not the slightest ground for alarm.

In the course of the next twenty-four hou by dint of pertinacious listening and watching, I found that Murray's protestations of affection cooled in proportion as he ingenuously hinted that his silence might be purchased for a reasonable sum—a suggestion that his victim caught eagerly at, only to be more crushed by the revulsion of feeling that followed when she reflected how utterly impossible it was for her to obtain the two hundred pounds he modestly asked. He was treading on dangerous ground, this same Murray: even as he stood there I might have handed him into the custody of the nearest constable on a charge of endeavoring to extort money by threats and menaces. Looking at it from a legal point of view, this would have been an excellent course to adopt, but it was the exposure that was to be avoided, and therefore it was necessary to adopt different tactics.

For three days I watched—with what a trial to the patience can readily be imagined—this human spider torturing the poor fly he had got into his web: he cool, courteous, and insinuating, as he worked out his scheme; she growing weaker and weaker, and losing all strength and courage, only to find it again to take one last desperate step, and thus forever put an end to the torture she was suffering.

Yet all this while her husband seemed to notice nothing amiss with her, though her eyes were often red with weeping, and her face wore a settled look of melancholy and despair. Not that he failed in affection or tenderness, only he was one of those men who, in the goodness of their own digestions and the smoothness of their life-stream, look upon dyspepsia as a popular delusion, and can not understand why any one should be unhappy. It was the evening of the fourth day since Murray's arrival, and after dinner I had left him and Charlie discussing a bottle of '54 Château Margaux and their old Paris days, and was wandering down a side-path that led to the plantation, when I suddenly trod on something. Looking downward, I saw that it was a pocket-book of somewhat bulky dimensions. There was only one thing to be done, namely, to pick it up, unclasp it, and examine the contents, which I need scarcely add I faithfully did. This investigation having been satisfactorily accomplished, I placed the pocket-book in my pocket, and strolled on into the plantation, again to reflect what my next move with Mr. Murray should be. I knew the game was in my hands "now;" my only puzzle was how to play it without making a disturbance. Still, what was to be done must be done quickly. As I came to this determination I found myself standing by the side of a small lake that lay in the midst of the plantation; almost at the same moment I heard a groan as of some one in distress. Turning eagerly to the direction whence it seemed to come, through the dusk which was now growing into darkness I saw the flutter of a white dress near to the head of the lake. I know not what possessed me, but a thought seized me that sent me tearing through bushes and brambles with frantic speed. A few seconds more, and I had caught Mrs. Forrester by the wrist.

"What would you do, woman?" I exclaimed, breathless.

She made no answer—only fell fainting at my feet!

When I got back to the house I found Murray alone in the dining-room, paying the closest attention to a second bottle of the '54 Château Margaux, to better appreciate which the lamp had been brought in, so that he might examine the marvelous beauty of its color. Charlie was closeted in the smoking-room with his farm-bailiff; in short, the opportunity of an interview alone with Murray that I so much wanted presented itself. I was not slow to take advantage of it, and flinging myself into an arm-chair close to him, poured out a glass of wine, and settled comfortably to my task. It was pretty plain that he was any thing but pleased at the prospect of a *tête-à-tête*, and seemed not altogether easy in his chair.

"I was thinking of taking a stroll in the garden," he said, half rising from his chair.

"A pity to leave such excellent tipple," I replied; "besides, it's rather chilly. Do you know," I continued, "I have been thinking of that observation you made the other night, when I said we had met before, and upon my word I believe I was right after all. I have such a capital memory for faces that I can not imagine myself mistaken."

"Indeed," he laughed, roughly, "you seem to have great confidence in yourself. Unfortunately, as I told you, in this instance, you are quite wrong."

"Well, perhaps I am," was my answer, as I drew my chair a little nearer to his. "The strangest part of my error was that I fancied you were one of two men I defended at Reading some four years ago, for conspiring to cheat a young undergraduate out of his money by playing with loaded dice."

He was far too much on his guard to make any sign; he only said, with a smile, "You certainly paid me a great compliment." But I saw that he was drawing away his right hand, which had hitherto been resting on the table.

"It was a remarkable case," I continued, "chiefly from the way in which the roguery was detected. The hand of the man who was manipulating the loaded dice was, as yours might be, on the table, to all appearances in the most innocent manner possible"—with that, as if to give him ocular demonstration of the way in which the cheat had been effected, I took hold of his hand, and held it on the table—"when a stranger who had been sitting at the farther end of the room came quickly to the side of the rogue, and in an instant more had pinned his hand with a carving-fork to the mahogany." I felt that I had carried the play on long enough, and quickly inserting my finger at the top of his glove I tore it down the back. He jumped to his feet, and so did I. "You are that man," I said, "whose hand was so pinned to the table, and that scar is the evidence I should call if it were necessary to prove it. Therefore sit down, and hear what else I have to say."

He glared viciously at me, lifted his fist as if he would have struck me, and then sank into his chair again.

"A man who could try to rob a poor silly boy by such disgraceful means," I continued, "could hardly be expected to have any pity on a helpless woman; but, fortunately, I have been a witness of your endeavors on more than one occasion, by threats and menaces, to extort a large sum of money from your host's wife, and that by representing to her that her first husband was alive, and at Otago, in New Zealand, when you knew as well as I do that he was dead, and has been so this two years."

"He is not dead," growled Murray.

"He is dead," I replied, "and your own pocket-book proves it."

As I said this I held up to him the wallet that I had tumbled upon in the plantation walk, in one of the pockets of which, among a number of other exceedingly suspicious-looking documents, I had found a certificate of the death of Arthur Bernard.

But as I have been a very long time in telling my story—barristers are proverbially long-winded, you know—I must hurry to a conclusion.

The morning following our interview Murray, with many excuses and regrets, found himself unavoidably compelled to return to town. As he got into the phaeton that was to take him to the station he kindly whispered in my ear, "I'll live to pay you out for this yet!" a promise that I somehow or other fancy he will fulfill some day. Till then I am content to forget all about him. As for Mrs. Forrester, the clouds upon her horizon have lifted; she has buried a sad and painful past, and lives in a present loved as dearly and tenderly as ever by Charlie, who knows nothing, and who never shall, unless she, as I have advised her, has the courage to tell him all, even to the extent that her first husband, Arthur Bernard, was the co-conspirator who stood at Murray's side in the felons' dock. I have every hope that she will do this, for the confidence between husband and wife should be as clear as the day at noon.

SANTA CATALINA, CUBA.

SANTA CATALINA, in that portion of Eastern Cuba known as the District of Guantanamo, is about sixty miles east of Santiago de Cuba, and fifteen miles north of a deep haven, eighteen miles long by seven broad, with a narrow entrance and a splendid anchorage, and capable of floating the entire British fleet. This is called Cumberland Harbor, after the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, who once held possession of it.

The District of Guantanamo has within the last twelve years been converted from an almost barren waste into a busy and thriving colony, and this has been effected in the teeth of governmental interference. The valley of Guantanamo has at an early period been a vast indentation of shallow water, filled up by sands drifted from the ocean, and soil washed down from the mountains. The wild vegetation to which the latter has given birth is vanishing before the clearing and planting; and with it is disappearing the malaria fever that decimated the ranks of the earliest settlers. This splendid valley, which is never ravaged by the river that fertilizes it, is sheltered from oceanic inundations by a high buttress or sea-wall erected by the action of the waves along the shore. This natural barrier, strengthened by the same agencies that crumble our artificial breakwaters to ruin and decay, is composed of a calcareous conglomerate of shells and coraline formations partly petrified. The flat alluvial soil forming the bed of the valley, and breaking into natural salt lakes on the margin of the sea, is covered with low woods, abounding in deer, wild asses, parrots, and wood-pigeons. The river is filled with crocodiles. The woods are speckled with epiphytes of brilliant colors, mostly orchids and bromeliacea. The rains in the dry season being infrequent, the latter order only prevails on the sea-shore. There are not more than three cacti that climb trees; they belong to the genus "cereus," except rhipsalis, which is pendulous, with chord-like stems and branches, and has no prickles. Nearly all the trees are covered in parts by tree-shells, mostly helix and helicina, and many varieties of the mistletoe family, which occasionally so multiply as to destroy them. The grasses and sedge-grasses are numerous, but too scattered and tufty to be of much avail for pasturage. In the dry season the bones of deer and oxen are frequently found bleaching in the sun. The deer were introduced into the island forty years ago by a French gentleman, the Government prohibiting their being interfered with for ten years. They are small, and keep to the plains. A lofty range of mountains rises from the valley at a radius of five or six leagues from the town, which stands in the centre. These high lands present a very different climate and vegetation from the plains, and are perfectly free from fevers and agues, when the low lands are even pestilential. The valley is studded with "sucaries," the mountains with "cafetals." The largest sugar estate, the "Esperanza," belonging to Mr. BARDOW of Havana, musters 400 male employés, many of whom are coolies, and the remainder slaves. The "Potosi" is the largest and most scientifically managed "cafetal," with 200 slaves, and belongs to Mr. RAOUL. The "crême de la crême" of the coffee is mostly consumed on the island, and the rest shipped to Bordeaux, wine being returned. The prime cost of the latter is eleven dollars a barrel, expenses and duty bring it up to twenty-two, and it is sold for forty-five.

The custom-house arrangements may be understood from the following anecdote: "A cargo arrived in Cuba, upon which a duty of $20,000 had to be paid. The custom-house officer held a gold onza over each eye and exclaimed, 'With these spectacles I can see nothing.' As a general rule all articles imported are assessed at one-half their true quantity, the duty upon the other half being shared between the official and consignee."

The town of Santa Catalina contains about 2000 inhabitants, mostly free, a Roman Catholic chapel, a prison, three schools for colored children, stores of various kinds, and a brick factory.

A company of infantry and a detachment of artillery are quartered there, under Lieutenant-Governor MADAN. The inhabitants are exceedingly hospitable. There is no hotel, posada, or restaurant. The office of curate is considered a sinecure; it is astonishing what large sums of money, the aggregate of trifling amounts, are extracted from the negroes for ceremonies performed in the service of Him who came to set men free. The town has a thriving appearance and bears no indications of poverty, which renders it exceptional in Cuba. At noon the heat is oppressive in the extreme; not a breath stirs the leaves. Animals droop their heads, ears, and tails, or shut their eyes and lie stretched out in the shade as if dead. A hot steam rises from the ground, waving disagreeably before the eyes, and producing a sensation somewhat similar to looking upon the stage of a theatre from a position close to the foot-lights. The inhabitants remain as much as possible indoors and enjoy a siesta. The views over the valley in the early morning are indescribably beautiful. At a height of 600 feet above the sea-level the hot region ceases and the temperate begins. The sierras above Santiago de Cuba are just visible in the far west, and the cane-fields below glitter like an Eastern carpet of golden tissue, with millions of transient lights and shadows flung upon it by the slant rays of the rising sun. The precious minerals are found in abundance; but the resources of the interior are absolutely undeveloped, and the woods are frequented by runaway slaves and the few aboriginal Indians, the descendants of those who occupied the soil before the discovery of Columbus in 1492. They are also overrun with wild boar. These mountains are draped in luxuriant vegetation, which keeps the soil perennially moist and favors the production of upward of 250 varieties of ferns, besides forty different woods of construction of great value. Stalactite caverns are found in many parts. In 1855 Messrs. BROOKS & COOF, of Santiago de Cuba, erected a wharf at the "Caimanera," an inlet in the harbor; built coasting steamers to run to Santiago de Cuba; constructed a railroad to the town, with work-shops for the repair of all the lighter machinery. They also laid out roads through the valley and over the hills, threw bridges over the river, imported machinery for the sucaries at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand golden dollars and upward for a single estate. They then, in order to keep the labor supply in pace with the increase of production, imported coolies, established agents in the town, supplied the planters with the means of cultivating the land, receiving a mortgage on the crops. So that these merchants are little princes, and, having large outstanding debts to collect, their interests are wrapped up in the continuance for a time of slavery as the only means of realizing the results of their outlay. It is probable that before the war the wealthy Cubans, as a rule, desired annexation with the United States, because they thought that their slave interests would not suffer thereby, and they would benefit immensely by the freedom from oppressive and despotic government. The Spaniards must have the credit of having invented the most ruinous system of finance, and the one least friendly to manufactures and commerce in the world. Since the war they know that annexation must inevitably lead to immediate emancipation, and they are inclined to cling to the mother country in the hope that political difficulties between rival nations may secure to them that curse of slavery for a time. But its knell is tolling. A sort of general encouragement may have been given to the insurgents for the purpose of intimidating the Spanish Government into a gradual rather than an immediate emancipation. But it is not surprising, considering that the negroes have had all pluck knocked out of them, and dread fire-arms, and therefore could not join in a simultaneous rising—it is not surprising, we say, that a handful of regular soldiers sufficed to quell the outbreak of insurrection in Guantanamo.

LYNCH-LAW IN INDIANA.

IT appears that in a certain quarter of Indiana resort to Lynch-law has for some time past been a sort of necessity. The town of Seymour is the central head-quarters of a Vigilance Committee which has determined to put an end to a conspiracy organized for the purpose of plunder. The law has proved an inadequate source of protection, because no one could testify against the conspirators without running the risk of assassination. It was under these circumstances, as we are informed, that the Vigilance Committee sprung into being. It consists of the first citizens—farmers, merchants, etc.—of Seymour and its vicinity. If its measures have been unusually severe it must be remembered that they were necessarily so under the unusual circumstances which led to their execution. Public sympathy has been with this Vigilance Committee from the outset, though many of the acts committed under this "mob law" have met with severe and just condemnation. We do not, on our part, attempt to apologize for the Committee, and shall simply confine ourselves to a narrative of the recent execution of the three RENOS and CHARLES ANDERSON at the New Albany Jail on the 12th of December.

The robbery, which was the immediate cause of this execution, took place last May at Marshfield, on the Jeffersonville Railroad. The train consisted of the engine, tender, baggage, and express car, and two passenger coaches. It had arrived at Marshfield, a deserted village, where it stopped for water. The robbers made a raid upon the train, seized the engineer, cut the express car from the others, and pushed on toward Seymour. The thieves broke open a safe and took $96,000 in bonds and money.

For weeks no clew was found by which to detect the robbers; but, finally, a dispatch was received by the railroad company, stating that at Syracuse, New York, an attempt had been made to offer some of the stolen bonds, and that the person offering them, having been arrested, said he had obtained them from FRANK RENO and CHARLES ANDERSON. These two persons were arrested at Sandwich, Canada. Shortly afterward SIMEON and WILLIAM RENO were arrested in Indiana and lodged in the New Albany Jail. The warrant of extradition for FRANK RENO and CHARLES ANDERSON was issued on the 23d of October, and they were lodged in the same jail.

These were not the entire gang; other conspirators had, on July 10, attempted a similar raid but had failed, and three of the gang had been arrested—ELLIOT, CLIFTON, and JARREL. As these three criminals were, on July 20, being carried to Brownstown, they were seized by the Vigilance Committee and summarily executed.

The next day the Committee issued an order announcing its determination to follow up the criminals with punishment equally severe, and threatening that, in case any member of the Committee should suffer harm, every thief upon whom the Committee could lay its hands should be hung.

After a search of several days, MOORE, SPARKS, and ROSEBERG, belonging to the conspiracy, were caught and hung.

But the three RENOS and CHARLES ANDERSON, lodged in the New Albany Jail in Floyd County, still remained to be attended to; and it was supposed that in their case the law would be allowed its usual course. But this anticipation was not verified.

At 3.30 A.M., December 12, the Vigilance Committee from Seymour, to the number of about 70 men, arrived in New Albany. They were all well dressed and wore red flannel masks. Each man was armed with a club, revolvers, and a slung-shot. They broke open the jail, attacked and wounded the sheriff, seized their victims, and devoted them to execution. They were in the jail only about five minutes ere they had completed their work.

This is the whole story. Our sketch on page 13 shows the jail and the manner in which the Committee stationed its guards on the outside.

It is possible that this affair may lead to some complications under the extradition treaty; for FRANK RENO and CHARLES ANDERSON were delivered up on the distinct understanding that they were to receive a fair trial.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HANDSOME young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was affected.

"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, Madam, you should take air and exercise."

"And, doctor, I am quite fidgety at night-time, and afraid to be alone. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, Madam, I can only recommend that you take a husband."

"Fie! doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, Madam, you have, besides taking air and a husband, to take the newspaper."

"How," said a gentleman to a friend who wished to convey a matter of importance to a lady without communicating directly with her, "how can you be so certain of her reading the letter, seeing that you have directed it to her husband?" "That I have managed without the possibility of failure," was the answer; "she will open it to a certainty, for I have put the word 'private' in the corner."

The following conversation, illustrative of Paris life, was overheard lately in the Café Anglaise: "What a pretty woman!" "Yes, she is charming." "And that monsieur, is it her husband?" "Oh no," replied the friend, "I should say certainly not, for I have seen them driving very often, and, indeed, they were at Baden together."

When lovers quarrel the only presents made on either side *not* returned are the *kisses!*

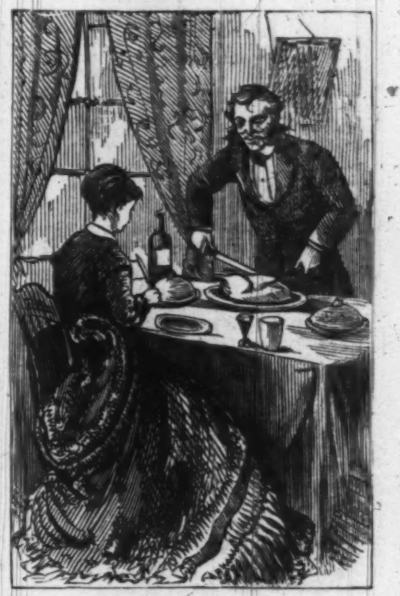


TABLE TALK.

WIFE. "There, that's cooked to perfection!"

HUSBAND (*thoughtfully*). "Can things be cooked to perfection?"

WIFE (*triumphantly*). "Yes, indeed, in *our* house."

HUSBAND (*grimly smiling*). "Then, my dear, I shall have you put into the oven some day!"

WIFE. "You horrid fellow! As it is, you keep me in a stew or a broil!"

HUSBAND. "That can't be, else you wouldn't boil over so often."

WIFE (*after a silence of some minutes*). "Don't you think your conversation is like that goose—disjointed, and apparently rather hard to digest?"

HUSBAND (*passing his wife the drum-sticks*). "There, now, rattle away with them!"

WIFE (*tartly*). "No, I thank you. You used to call me the wife of your bosom, and even now I think you might afford me some of THAT goose's breast."

HUSBAND (*helping her as she desired, soliloquizes, in the words of Grant, audibly, "Let us have peace," then carelessly remarks*), "On the whole you had better get that set of furs you so fell in love with yesterday!"

Peace was had.

HOW TO PREVENT SEA-SICKNESS—Keep on shore. N.B. This is a *sure* preventive!

SUGGESTIVE.—A woman purchased a quart of milk and got a small fish swimming in it. The milkman innocently said he supposed the cow must have swallowed the fish.

THE CRUELEST CUT OF ALL.—A slice of cold shoulder!

A young lady took her younger brother, a little boy of three or four years, to church. The preacher was an earnest man, and spoke very loud. During the sermon she saw the little fellow in tears, and asked him what was the matter with him. He sobbed out, "That man is hellering at me."

SCENE IN A RECORDER'S COURT.

LAWYER. "May it please your Honor, I wish to argue this case."

RECORDER. "Sit down."

LAWYER. "But, Judge—"

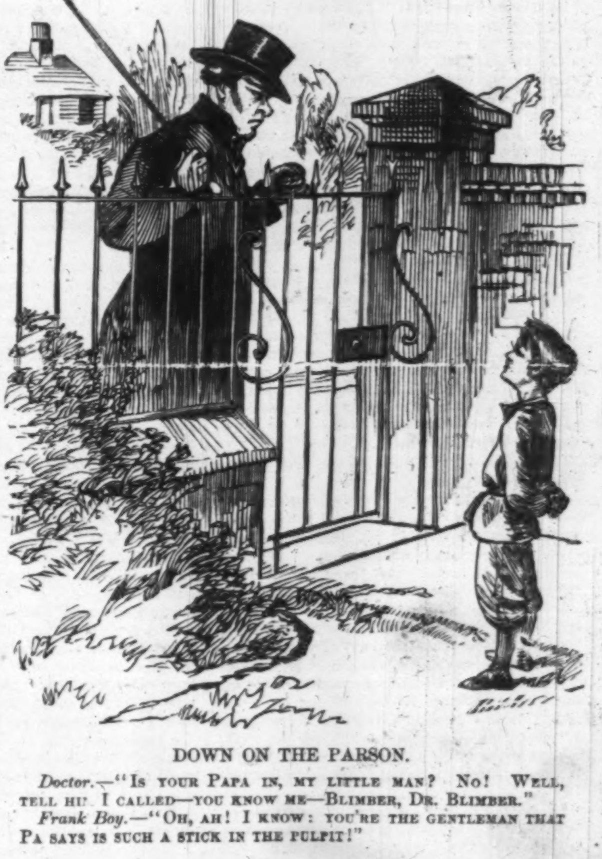
RECORDER. "I want no argument. I am tired of you lawyers. I will tell the people who you all are."

The lawyer made some remonstrance.

RECORDER. "Sir, do you know that I was elected by the voice of the people?"

LAWYER. "Well, Judge, if you were, the people must have had a mighty bad cold that day."

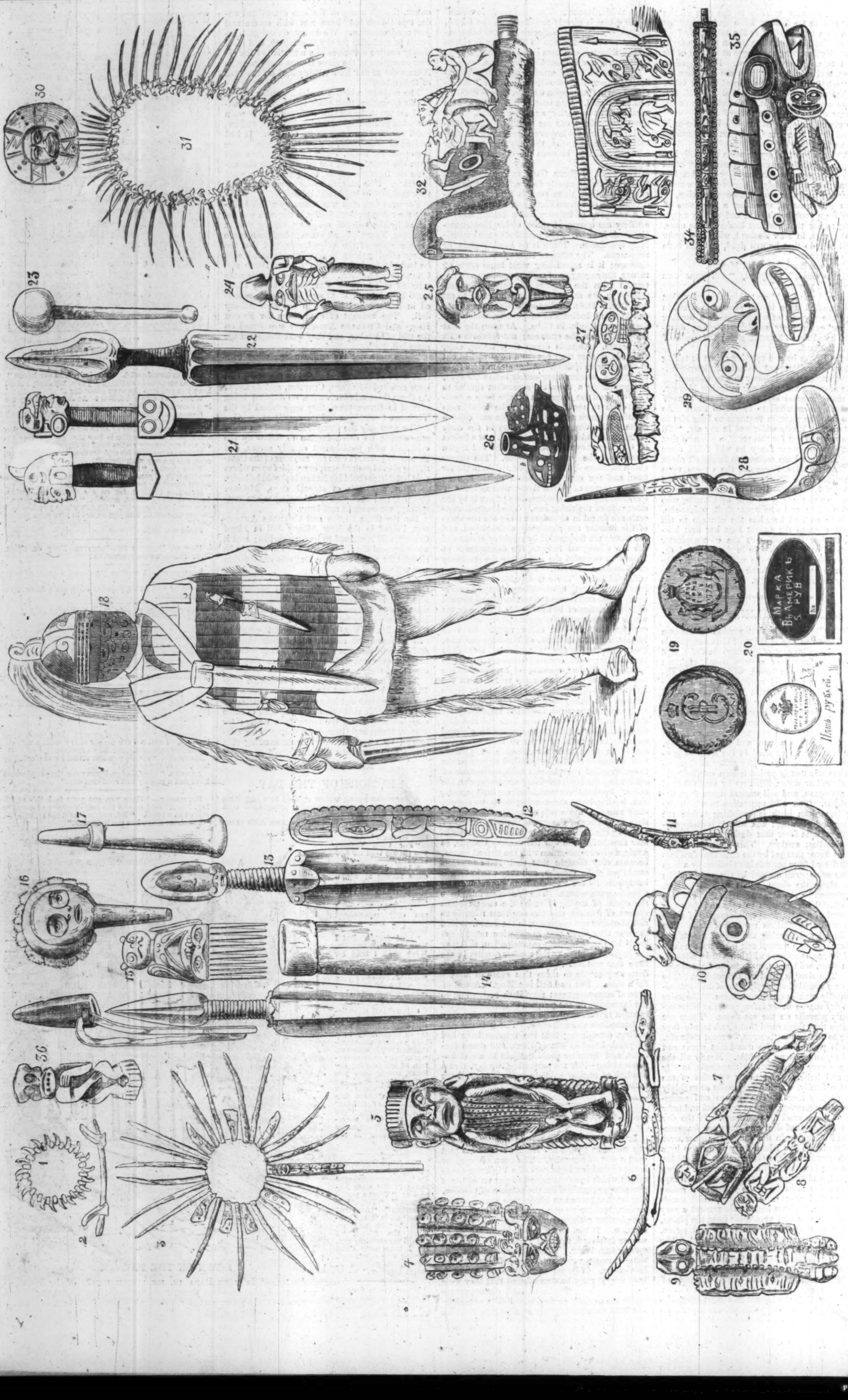
SIMPLICITY.—"Have you got your task this morning, Miss?" said one of the lady-teachers of a public school to a pupil. "No, ma'am," said the artless girl, "but sister Ellen has the influenza."



DOWN ON THE PARSON.

Doctor.—"IS YOUR PAPA IN, MY LITTLE MAN? NO! WELL, TELL HIM I CALLED—YOU KNOW ME—BLIMBER, DR. BLIMBER."

Frank Boy.—"OH, AH! I KNOW: YOU'RE THE GENTLEMAN THAT PA SAYS IS SUCH A STICK IN THE PULPIT!"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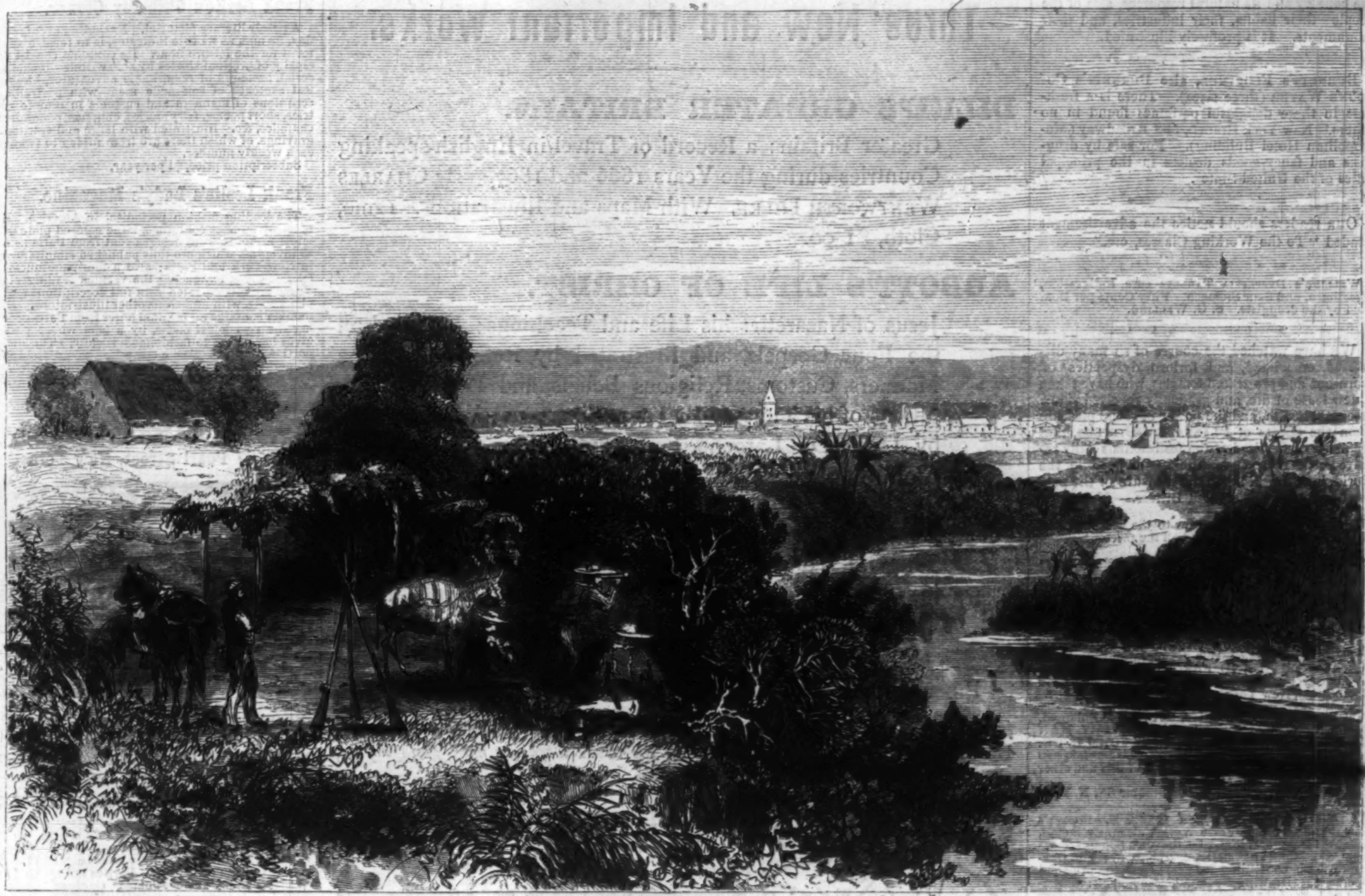
ALASKA RELICS.—FROM E. G. FAST'S COLLECTION.—[SEE PAGE 13.]



VIEW OF SANTA CATALINA, DISTRICT OF GUANTANAMO, CUBA.—FROM A PAINTING BY CAPTAIN P. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

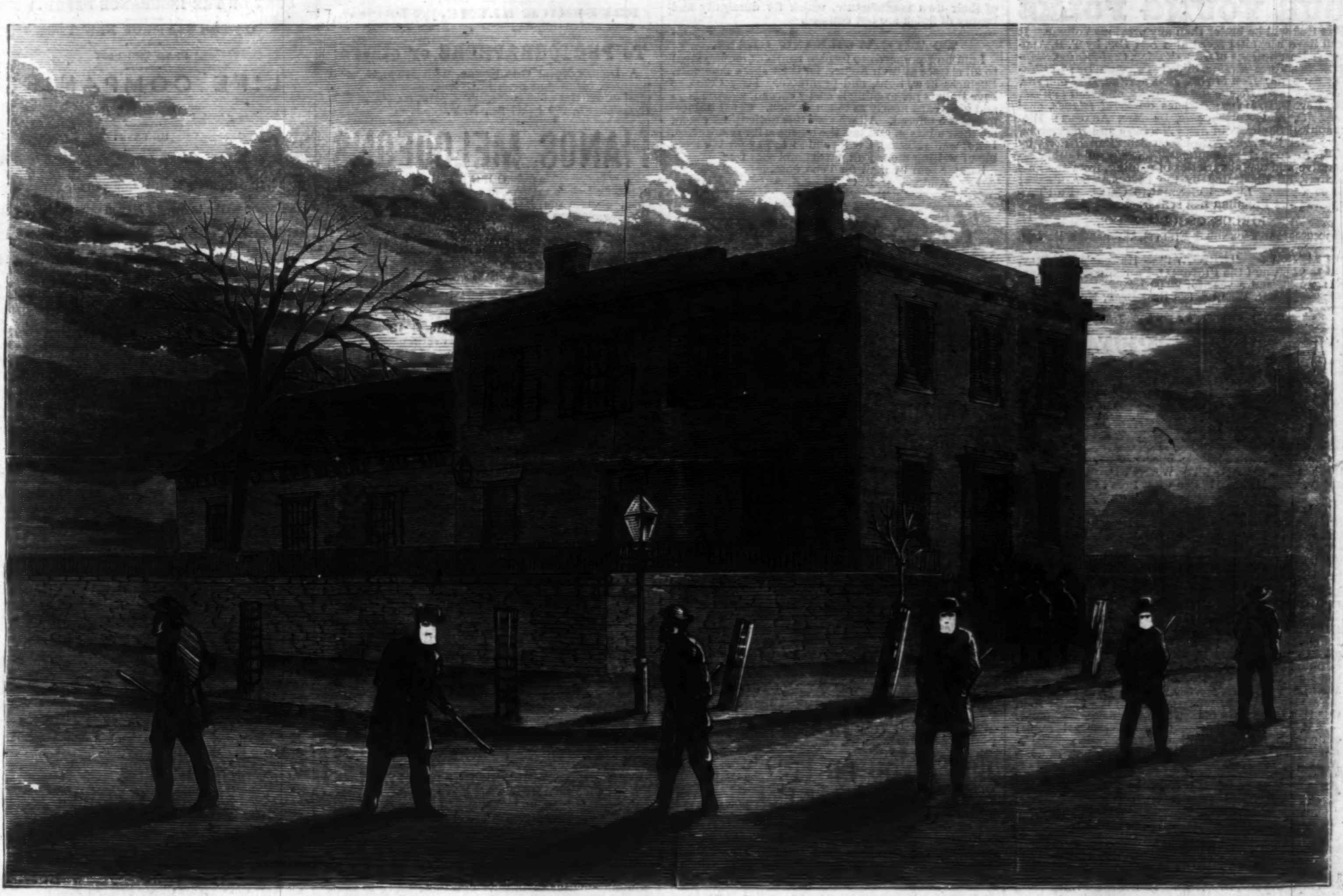
ALASKA RELICS.

WE publish on page 12 thirty-five specimens of Captain E. G. FAST'S collection of Alaska relics. The collection was obtained through the aid of agents who scoured the country in all directions. Some of them were obtained by Captain FAST himself from persons who had preserved them as family relics. The whole collection weighs about ten thousand pounds, and comprises articles of wood, metal, bone, ivory, shell, and stone. The illustrations which we publish present some of the most interesting features of the collection.

EXPLANATION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Hair ornament of walrus teeth and amber.
2. Ivory fastener for No. 1.
3. Necklace of walrus teeth and tusks, from grave.
4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Idols or charms of ivory.
9. Icht—image of death.
10. Mask of wood.
11. Spoon.
12. Club of wood.
13. Two-edged sword, copper trimmings.
14. Copper sword, leather scabbard (modern).
15. Comb of wood.
16. Rattle of wood.
17. Pestle of malachite.
18. Figure in war attire: helmet, coat of mail, sword, and dagger.
19. Copper coin, obverse and reverse. This is the only coin ever struck in Siberia, and was made during the reign of KATHARINE II., in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and called in after her death, the copper being worth more than two cents, its nominal value.
20. Parchment script of Russian Fur Company, burned upon the occupation of the country by the United States.
21. Two single-edged swords of iron, handles of carved wood.
22. Iron sword, human hair on the handle.
23. Wooden club.
24. Idol or charm of ivory.
25. Idol or charm of ivory, taken from grave.
26. Pipe of wood inlaid with shell, taken from a grave.
27. Charm carved of jaw of sea-cow.
28. Spoon carved in horn.
29. Mask taken from ancient grave.
30. Ivory charm.
31. Necklace of walrus teeth and tusks.
32. Charming instrument, used by medicine man.
33. Charm, bone.
34. Charm, ivory.
35. Charm, ivory.

Our readers will be able to obtain a vast amount of valuable information concerning Alaska from a book about to be published by HARPER & BROTHERS, written by FREDERICK WHYMPER. This book gives a very full description of



LYNCH LAW IN INDIANA—THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT WORK AT THE NEW ALBANY JAIL.—SKETCHED BY J. ERNEST GALVAN.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

the country and its natural resources, also of the people—their habits, their industries, and their monuments. It is profusely illustrated.

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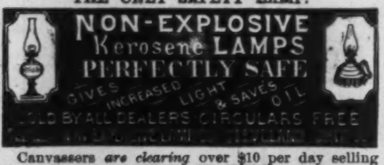
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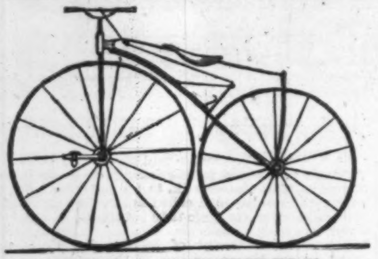

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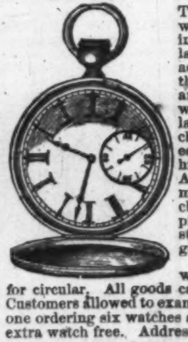

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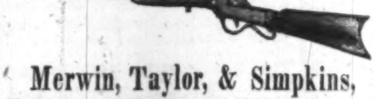

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